THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.
TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1093.

Original Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JAMES L. BROOKS.

Deep in a sunny vale, and nigh
Where George's stream in quiet flows,
There bloomed, unseen to vulgar eye,
A beauteous, sweet and smiling rose.

The zephyr, as it passed the vale,
Would linger long to share its bliss,
And often there, the southern gale,
Its petals bright would stop to kiss.

So fair it grew, in fragrance pure,
With varied hue of spotless white
And crimson dye,—serene, secure,
It seemed the image of delight.

Alas! how soon the vale so fair
Moans forth a requiem low and sad!
No more the zephyr lingers there,
And George's stream no more is glad.

For the bright rose, long nursed with care,
Just opening to a joyous day,
Some wretch laid deep his fiendish snare,
And bore it, with my peace, away.

Stranger! how base to act the part
Of tempter, while you distant roam,
To break a widow'd mother's heart,
And blast the prospects of her home!

Historical Tales.

PHILLIPPE DE AGRAMONT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDENTS OF OXENFORD.—THE MINSTREL AND HIS STORY.—THE MYSTERY.

On a mild summer afternoon in the year of Grace, 1377, much bustle was created among the scholars of the good college of Oxenford* by the announcement, that a far-famed brother of the joyous art had arrived in the place, and was even now at the hostelrie of the town. In a short time, as the beams of the afternoon sun shone gaily through the deep-silled windows of the principal hall of the hostel, a group of merrie scholars were assembled, listening with every mark of attention to the strains of the minstrel who stood in their midst. He was a man of some thirty years, tall and well-formed, with clustering ringlets of hair, black as ebony, falling down on either side of his sun-embrowned visage, which told that he had been a wanderer in southern climes; and with a full and sparkling black eye, which gave earnest of the rich stores of fancy hidden within.

As the scholars stood clustering around the minstrel with their faces upturned with quick attention, glowing in the sunlight, his eye sparkled brightly as the strains which accompanied his merry tale of love and war filled the wainscotted hall of the hostel, and drew every mark of applause from the listening group.

His minstrelsy was received with shouting and renewed applause, and no one shouted more lustily than a light-haired, blue-eyed student; who, standing in the rear of the group, peered over the shoulders of those in front. There was something of peculiar interest in the countenance of the young scholar. What it was could not well be told with words; yet still in gazing at a group of the students, a stranger would ever single out the face of the light-haired scholar as worthy of especial perusal. His physiognomy was not indicative of a melancholy disposition; yet at times, in the pauses of the minstrel's story, a shade of thought seemed to fall upon his features, the quick glance of his full blue eyes was lost in a deep, clear and steady expression; his lips of a marked outline, curved sternly; a slight frown was visible on his forehead; and his whole manner was singular and full of mysterious interest.

Ever and anon his eye would glance hurriedly across the group, and an expression, the meaning of which it would not be easy to divine, came over his features whenever his glance rested upon a tall, thin student, whose raw-boned figure, long arms and crooked legs were enveloped in the student attire, but with every variety of gaudy chains and ornament scattered over his dress.

A long narrow head, covered with stiff, short black hair, a face with projecting nose, wide mouth, and small gray eyes, would need something more than the gayly embroidered cap which topped the ungainly student's forehead, to redeem their excessive ugliness.

This gayly-attired student regarded the light-haired youth with an ill concealed sneer, and seemed withal to have the highest possible opinion of his own peculiar merits, whatever they might be.

Presently the minstrel changed his lay of love and war for a fearful story which he had learned in fair Italy.

A wandering hunter—so ran the legend—arrived benighted on a wintry eve at a castle-gate, far hidden in the depths of wild forsaken hills. A maiden, fair and beautiful, reigned countess over the castle and country around. Her love the wandering night won, and with a gallant attendance they rode to the city of "Florence the fair," there to celebrate their nuptials.

The evening ere the ceremony, while seated on a couch hung with drapery in one of the loftiest halls in the palace of the knight, the betrothed said to her lover,

"Florian, oft have you told me how the gallant knight, your father, reigns Duke of Florence. Shall I not see him this very night?" She continued on her soft musical voice. "Nay, deny me not my Florian. Well I know the Duke has but one son, and thou art he. Why then refuse to accompany me to the halls where thou shalt one day reign as Suzeraine?"

Florian turned his head aside as if to conceal some unaccountable agitation.

"In sooth, dearest Annabel," he said in a voice that was quick and hurried in its tones. "In sooth I should have told thee that I have—have—" He paused and shifted in his seat.

"Why thus confused? Why thus pale, dearest love?" cried the maiden.

"Annabel," cried the lover, "I am not the only son of the Duke of Florence. I have a brother!"

This was said with a deep-toned voice and clenched teeth, as though he that spoke nerved himself for a desperate effort.

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Annabel, starting from the couch as her gay dreams of princely pomp and grandeur vanished at one swoop, "Thou hast a brother! He is older than thou!" She waited his answer with glistening eyes and parted lips.

"Nay, Annabel, my brother numbers fewer winters than I do. He is a younger brother."

"Thanks, heaven, thanks!" exclaimed Annabel, revealing the cause of her alarm, "Thanks, heaven, thanks! The Dukedom is still thine, my Florian, still thine! Ha, ha, ha," continued she, merrily laughing. "Thou wert teasing me—the Dukedom is still thine!"

"*It is not now, nor will it ever be mine*," said Florian.

"Not thine? Say it yet again—not thine? Wherefore speakest thou thus?"

"Because he is a bastard!" said a calm and deliberate voice from behind the couch on which the lovers sat.

Florian turned and beheld the dark features of his brother born in wedlock. He turned yet again and saw his betrothed prostrate upon the marble floor; a thin line of blood was trickling from her mouth. It was the blood flowing from a broken heart. And yet again did Florian turn; but his dagger flashed in his clenched hand; it descends and is sheathed in the heart of his wedlock born brother.

Thus far had the gentle minstrel's story ran, when a sneering laugh came from the lips of the ungainly student, and he cast a contemptuous look at the fair-haired scholar, who, seized by some sudden fit of passion, strode through the bystanders, and with knit brows and quivering lips shouted as he glanced at the minstrel,

"No more, by the body of God, no more! Thou hast been hired to scorn me—thou paltry bawler. Thus do I reward thy insolence!" He dashed the harp from the hands of the minstrel, whose lip curved and eye flashed as he shouted,

"How, sir? What means the insult!" He laid his hand on his sword, but the light-haired scholar heeded him not. He strode toward the ungainly student, and in a quiet yet deep-toned voice exclaimed, as he laid his hand upon his arm,

"Thy day has not yet come; but come it will, be assured. Have a care that you do not hasten your doom!"

The ungainly student made an effort to reply, but his whitened lip failed him, and with trembling hand he dropped the hilt of his half-drawn sword. In an instant the light-haired scholar was gone. The minstrel drew his sword, and rushing through the group, was about to follow him, when he was stayed by the extended arms of the scholars.

"How!" shouted the minstrel, "Is this your courtesy, fair scholars? Little reck ye of minstrel honor, as ye suppose a brother of the gentle craft may be struck unrevenged! Let me pass, I say!"

"A word with you, fair stranger," said a tall student advancing from the throng, and glancing toward the spot lately occupied by the ungainly and ill-looking scholar, who had departed unobserved. "A word with you, fair stranger! We scholars of Oxenford would be the last to see slight or insult offered to any one, much less to a brother of the joyous art. But believe me, the light-haired scholar, who but now struck your harp from out your hand, is laboring under some strange delusion, or he would have been the last to offer you such wrong."

"Our lives upon it, he would!" exclaimed the other students.

"But why was it," answered the minstrel, "that the insult to me was coupled with a quarrel with one of his brother scholars?"

"By my troth, I cannot tell," answered the student who had just spoken. "A deadly feud exists between this light-haired scholar, who is known as the gentle Phillip of Oxenford, and that awkward clown who has just left us. He is called Master Geoffrey of Wogsden, and he is the son of a country knight. This Master Geoffrey manifests his enmity to the gentle scholar, by every sort of petty insult that the malignity of a vulgar mind can devise."

"Aye," interrupted another student, "aye, and what is more strange, the fair scholar bears these insults without revenge. At times indeed, he does draw his sword as if to strike the object of his contempt—for he seems to regard him as too mean for his hate—but as certainly does his sword slide back into its scabbard. But, by my faith, on such occasions his brow knits and his lip quivers, as though he were struggling against a demon, pent up in his bosom."

"The whole history of the Gentle Scholar is wrapt in mystery," added the tall student. "We none know aught of his lineage, or from whence he came. But that he is learned, open-hearted, generous and brave, we all know. What say ye, my merrie scholars, is there a man of us who would not shed his life-blood for the Gentle Phillippe of Oxenford!"

A response, loud and warm rose from the scholars, and with one voice they declared their firm attachment for the Gentle Phillippe.

"And now, Sir Minstrel," exclaimed the spokesman of the group, "art satisfied that no insult was meant thee by our band? Is thy answer 'aye?' 'Tis well! Three cheers brothers, for the gallant troubadour! And now let us away—what ho!—Host, I say—make ready the scholar's chamber, for by my faith, brave minstrel thou wilt feast with us to-night! This way, brothers!"

The moon was sailing in mid-heaven, and her beams ever and anon obscured by clouds, fell fitfully upon the sleeping town of Oxenford. A solitary cavalier was taking his way along the principal street of the town, at a distance of about half a mile from the College buildings. His hat was slouched over his eyes, and with folded arms, and hurried step, he hastened along the pathway. Arriving at a bye street, just as a dark cloud passed over the moon, the cavalier heard the sound of footsteps, then a suppressed oath, and ere he could draw his sword, a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and by the faint moonbeams, he could discern the figures of three bravos, who were very amicably engaged in rifling his person. Another footstep sounded along the street. The bravos started, and in a moment a strange arm with giant strength sent one of their number reeling to the earth, and the other two confronted a tall well made cavalier, whose brow was shaded by a long black plume. With a deep muttered curse, the robbers drew their short swords and rushed upon the new comer. The contest was short and desperate. Another of the bravos tasted the cavalier's steel, at the same moment that a sword thrust from behind lighted upon his forehead, inflicting a fearful gash. The cavalier turned to the bravo who gave the wound, and with one plunge of his sword he transfixed his antagonist to the earth. Then bending hurriedly to the earth, he raised the waylaid cavalier to his feet. The moon again shone from behind a cloud, and the two cavaliers looked into each others face for a moment, and then started back with the quick involuntary movement of surprise. Well might they start. The waylaid cavalier was none other than the ill-looking student, Master Geoffrey of Wogsden, and his defender was the Gentle Phillippe of Oxenford. The latter cast a hasty glance at his foe, and then slipping his sword into its scabbard, turned away without a word, just as Master Geoffrey perceived that the blood was streaming from a sword wound on his forehead.

The ungainly student looked confusedly around, as though he knew not what to make of this generous conduct in one whom he had injured with such meanness and malignity.

"This is gall!" he muttered between his teeth, as slouching his hat over his eyes, he pursued his way. "By the fiend, I would rather he would have killed me on the spot!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ROADSIDE TRAVELLERS.—THE TAX GATHERERS AND THE CLOWN.

About this time the Commons did rise in wild rebellion; thus it happened.—(*English History.*)

On a pleasant summer afternoon, when the blue skies of June blushed above, and the landscape of hill and valley looked green around, three travellers were riding leisurely towards Wogsden, a pleasant little village of Essex, near which stand the castellated towers of the mansion of Sir Giles De Agramont, Lord of the Manor.

The way of the travellers had lain for hours through one of those green lanes, which embosomed in thickets of freshest verdure, and overshadowed by forest trees, intersect the loveliest counties in England, and render the pilgrim's way one of delight and pleasure.

Here the forest trees retiring from the road opened a lovely vista of sloping hills, covered with cottages, surrounded by fair gardens, and again the hills shelved away into green pasturages upon which cattle were feeding, while the far-off sky with its clear transparent blue gave a pleasant relief to the verdure of hill and valley.

The travellers journeyed on fat, plump, well-conditioned horses. It was easy to see that those men with their sneaking looks and mean visages, were the retainers of some lord, or other personage possessed of power over the lives and fortunes of the peasantry.

Two of these persons were old, the third was young. The latter was long, lank, and red-headed, with a face of the most uncouth and irregular features. He might have been five and twenty years of age, and his doublet of brown cloth, and his boots of russet looked somewhat like the attire of the bailiff to a lord of the Manor. He was altogether as ill-looking a beetle-browed specimen of humanity as one would like to see in a life time. Another of the three was a short, thin aged man, whose spare form was wrapped in the guise of a student, while his thin face, and short husky laugh betokened a keen and avaricious disposition. The third was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a figure displaying great brawn and muscle, and with a face marked by a low bull forehead, black eyes placed far apart in his head, short nose and thick lips, denoting some sullenness of disposition, as well as sort of bull-dog courage. He was attired in the dress of a huntsman.

"I say, nevoy," exclaimed the old steward, with a slight chuckle as he addressed the red-haired bailiff, "nevoy, how dost thou think thou wilt speed in thy wooing with the merry daughter of Dogskin, the blacksmith of Wogsden? Hey, boy!"

"Aye, brave Hugh," shouted the huntsman, "how dost think thou wilt get on with the popelote Mabel? Doth the daughter of John the big smith affect you?"

"Why as to that matter," answered the bailiff, "ye all know, you nuncle and you gossip, that the blacksmith churl must even give me his daughter—or," continued he, leering at his companion—"We'll even pin him with the tax—the three groat tax! Ha! ha! ha!"

And the three laughed till their very sides shook.

At this moment the party was joined by a clown-like hind, who arrayed in wooden shoes, leather breeches, and a rough patched doublet of the coarsest cloth—being a brown red—was somewhat humpbacked withal, and masses of matted red hair strayed from under his slouching hat of felt down over his cheeks and forehead. Strange to say the clown rode a handsome steed, brown in color, well limbed and well proportioned.

"Oh, ho, my gallant cavalier," cried the bull-headed huntsman. "Dost thou ride forth in search of adventures? Thou'rt a brave knight in sooth! Dost like the exercise of the chase—thou would'st make a noble figure in the hunting train, ha, ha, ha!"

"Didn't steal that gelding?" inquired the sharp nosed steward.

"Or mayhap 'tis thine own?" said the red-haired bailiff with a sneer.

"Why the saints, saave your worships," answered the clown with great humility, "I be but a poor 'un, and the horse belongs to measter, there now."

Again the three companions laughed. Who might his master be—they inquired—but in vain. The rustic would not answer their questions. So they resumed the former subject of discourse.

"Now suppose this gay wench, this Mabel should refuse me?" said the bailiff, "why I'll e'en stick the tax upon her dad."

"Do the peasantry never resist the imposition of this same tax?" asked the huntsman, with a meaning smile. "This three groat tax, imposed by government on all over fifteen years? Hey, brave Hugh?"

The bailiff laughed sneeringly.

"Why the poor dogs have not spirit to kill a flea!" he answered. "Look ye gossip, and mark this fat pouch at my girdle. That contains nigh an hundred pieces of gold—we have gathered it from the peasantry, that is I and nuncle there, ere thou joined us this morning—on our Lord Sir Giles De Agramont's domains. 'Tis the fruits of our three days' labor. And though they frowned—the peasant dogs—when they paid it, and looked black and muttered, yet not a caitiff dared say nay to the bidding of Sir Giles and our good King Richard. Resist? Marry gossip, thou knowest the dogs dare not lift a hand, do what we will! Resist! indeed!"

"Tut, tut, I was but jesting," the huntsman answered. "But Hugh, tell me in sooth, what manner of a lass might this Mabel be?"

"Who might she be!" cried the ill-looking bailiff. "Why a very tolerable looking wench to be sure, but farther than that I would not like to swear. D'ye see me gossip? Ha, ha, ha! I' faith the jade is to be caught in more ways than one, and after all she is but a mere thing of sale."

"Thou liest!" shouted a voice in thunder tones that startled the tax gatherer out of his wits, and almost caused him to fall headlong from his horse. The huntsman and the steward wheeled their horses aside with surprise, at the same instant that the clown cast off his red wig, straightened his humped-back, and quick as a flash of light, a man of a strong and muscular form, with a bearing that denoted no mean birth, stood before the astonished eyes of the tax gatherers. It was the scholar of Oxenford. His form had much matured within a year, his limbs seemed strong and muscular, and a thick, sand-colored beard clothed his full and well-rounded chin. "Thou liest!" he repeated in a voice of thunder as he swung a knotted crab-stick around his head. "Doubly and foully thou liest. The men of England will not long be pestered by such knaves as thou. For their sakes take this!"

Full and heavy, winged by the arm of the scholar, the knotted crab-stick descended upon the sconce of the bailiff.

"Dost dare to breathe a breath against the fair flower of Wogsden!" he continued as again the crab-stick descended. "For her sake take this—and this."

He first dealt the bailiff a fearful blow on the right side of his head, then on the left, and finally exclaiming, "and this thou perjured caitiff," he brought him a blow over the eyes, which flinging him from his horse, sent him spinning like a top across the roadside.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF WOGSDEN.

"In my lord's name I arrest you!" shouted the steward with his cracked voice, as the scholar put spurs to his steed, striking for the village of Wogsden. The attempt to impede his course was in vain.

In five minutes a bend of the road brought the village of Wogsden in his view, and in five minutes more his smoking steed stood before the village hostel.

He was attending to the wants of the gallant barb in one of the stables of the hostelrie, when his ear was attracted by a whispered conversation, in an adjoining part of the stable, separated from that in which he stood by a partition of rough boards.

"He was fair thou say'st?" exclaimed a voice which the scholar seemed to recognize. "He was fair in feature, and tall thou say'st?"

"Aye, master Geoffrey," answered the voice of the red-haired bailiff. "Tall he was and stoutly formed, else he had not thrown me from my horse—curses on him!"

"'Tis the very same," answered the other voice—"Now hark ye, Hugh—'tis late in the afternoon. The vassals of the village must pay their portion of the tax ere sundown. Three groats thou knowest is the portion of every hind, be they he or she, over fifteen years. Closer Hugh—a word in thy ear. The taxing must begin with this stout blacksmith, look ye—"

Here the whispering became indistinct, still the scholar could distinguish the words "girl," "wed," and one sentence "bear her away" was clear and plain.

Having seen his steed properly cared for, Phillippe of Oxenford took his way through the village toward the castle of Agramont, which looked frowningly from a hill down upon the tenements of the peasantry. As he passed on one cottage of the hamlet attracted his attention. It was a neat little tenement, with a lattice window half sheltered by a trailing honeysuckle, looking toward the village street, a blacksmith shop on one side, and a fair lovely garden on the other.

Looking over the fence of the garden, perchance attracted by the beauty of the many and various flowers that bloomed within its precincts, the scholar beheld a living flower fairer and lovelier than all others.

A maiden stood beside an arbor, made of rough branches of the oak, and her fair little hand was engaged in trailing a flower vine along the lattice work. It was a quiet picture of rustic innocence. The maiden was of that charming age when the child has ripened into the girl, and when pure thoughts and light-hearted fancies flutter around the heart on fairy wings. It was a fair blue eyed creature with graceful masses of light brown hair clustering round her neck, and with her budding bosom heaving from under a light kerchief which surmounted a deep boddice of blue, beneath which was a petticoat of brownish cloth, which reaching to her delicate ancles, gave to view two of the prettiest feet in the wide world.

After contemplating this picture for a moment, the scholar of Oxenford leaped softly over the wicker fence of the garden, and treading lightly over the bed of flowers approached the maiden.

She heard the footstep, and starting, looked hurriedly round with a look of fear, which presently changed to an expression of lovely and rapturous pleasure, as rushing forward she fell with a faint shriek in the arms of the scholar of Oxenford. He imprinted a kiss of deep and burning affection upon her small pouting lips, and then as she lay sobbing for joy in his arms, he regarded her with a look of intense passion as he exclaimed,

"My own, my beautiful Mabel," he said in a soft, deep toned voice, "thou art the day-dream of my troubled life, the romance of my wild existence. Never was being of light more innocent, more beautiful than thou!"

"Walter, thou hast been long, long absent," said the maiden looking up, with her eyes filled with tears, "days and days, nay weeks have passed, and still hast thou been absent. Oh! how I have longed for thy coming. How glad my father will be to see thee again—nay all in the village will think it joy beyond measure to look upon thee again! For whose toils hast thou not lightened, whose expression hast thou not softened during thy residence in our village, by thy kind words, and a promise of a better day for all of us! But where hast thou been Walter?"

Phillipe or Walter, as the maiden styled him, smiled bitterly as he replied,

"Where have I been Mabel? It matters not, dearest, but suffice it when I tell thee, that wherever I have wended, the bloodhounds of the tyrant have tracked my footsteps. A price is set upon my head, Mabel; in this disguise I sought the village of my childhood, not for safety; no—no. But for another and a higher motive."

"A price set upon thy head!" exclaimed Mabel, with a frightened look. "Surely thou hast done no wrong—nay thou couldst not harm any one."

"I'll tell thee more of this anon, my love," replied the scholar. "But tell me—is the good friar John Ball in the village?"

"Aye! he is with my father," exclaimed the maiden. "Our village-men go not to labor this afternoon. They meet together in groups, and converse with frowning brows. What doth it mean, Walter? Tell me, I pray thee?"

"I'll be with thee anon," replied the scholar. "And then thou shalt know all. Fare-thee-well, Mabel. I'll be absent for a few short minutes. Fare-thee-well."

He turned away—and as he turned, the muttered words came from his lips, "'A few short minutes'—Aye, short though they are, they will determine my fate. Now for the trial!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATHER AND THE BASTARD SON.—"WHO IS THIS CLOWN?"—THE OATH.

The beams of the declining sun, fell upon the tesselated floor of the wide and lofty hall of the castle De Agramont. The wainscotted panels were adorned with paintings, and long lines of emblazoned banners, depending from the roof, recorded the name and lineage of the race of Agramont, while many an effigy of many a gallant knight in full armor, told of the glory of the ancient house, transmitted through the course of centuries.

And there, through the stained windows of that lofty hall, had the sunlight shone for ages, and each successive year, had its light fell upon new trophies of valor, or new effigies of departed chivalry: and the last day of the house of Agramont had come, and still the sunbeams played upon the tesselated pavement, and no sign nor token came to tell the ancient house of its coming ruin. Where the sunbeam now was shining, to-morrow it would shine; but the trophies, the banners, the iron knights, would no more glisten in its beam: only a pile of blackened ruins would mock the fair face of day, as it towered to the sky, like a thing of evil omen.

A footfall sounded along the ancient hall and awoke the echoes, that lay sleeping among the lofty arches. It was the footstep of a weak and aged man. In a moment, from one of the four corridors, that led from the hall to various parts of the castle, appeared an ancient man, clad in the folds of a costly robe, that flowed loosely around his spare form.

His grey hair fell upon the gold embroidered collar of his robe—and his features, wasted by age, if not by care, were indicative of a mind noble and full of thought, but now, like a lofty tower eaten by the tooth of time, half deprived of its original grandeur by the gnawings of care and the anxieties of life.

The aged man was the lord of castle and manor, Sir Giles De Agramont.

At the same moment that his footfall sounded on the marble floor, a figure appeared from an opposite corridor. It was the scholar of Oxenford, still clad in his clownish dress.

"How now, clown; whither art hurrying so fast?" exclaimed the old knight, throwing himself in the scholars' way.

"No clown," said the other, removing his slouched hat; "no clown, but thine own son, Phillipe De Agramont." He bowed low on one knee as he spoke.

The old knight started back as though the floor had opened in a fearful chasm at his feet. His eyes wandered wildly, and gasping for breath he clung to a pillar for support, while his aged frame shook as though he were seized by some terrible spell.

"Wherefore art thou here again?" he cried in tremulous tones, after he had at length found words. "Wherefore is thy promise thus broken?"

He waved his thin and withered hand with a repulsive gesture.

"Away, sir, away," he shrieked; "away, and never let me see thee more. Away, away!"

The scholar bowed him low and wept the salt and bitter tears that man can alone weep. His head drooped to the very pavement, his chest heaved with a convulsive movement, and a gurgling noise was heard in his throat, as though the violence of his emotion was forcing his very heart-current in torrents to his brain.

He spoke, spreading forth his hands.

"Father!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, "How have I harmed thee? Where is my sin—my deep and unpardonable crime? Am I not thy son, my father?"

"Son of mine, thou art; but thy mother was a peasant's daughter. And thou art what I may not name—"

"That may I," cried a strange voice, and a young man of indifferent features and ungainly appearance, stepped between the scholar and the knight. "That may I. Thou art a bastard, thou low born hound there. Away, ere the dogs are set upon thee; away!"

The person who spoke was none other than the ill-looking student of Oxenford. The scholar, or Phillipe De Agramont, arose and looked around him with a look full of meaning.

A change was passing over the depths of his soul. The fountains of his proud spirit were broken up within him. The bursting of the storm was terrible in its very calmness. "Father!" he exclaimed in that voice so fearfully calm; "Is this your will? Shall I flee like a whipped hound from your side?"

The old man answered not.

"By all the saints of God, I implore ye—speak. Is this your will, my father?"

"My son; I cannot—cannot—help it. Go—only—go!"

"Go I will; but hear me first. You cast me off—you spurn me like a dog from your presence; you—whose own blood flows in these veins. Now hear my determination. Before the awful majesty of God, invoking heaven and earth to witness—do I now swear, that while there is breath in my nostrils or life in my bosom, so long will I devote myself to the utter destruction of that body of tyrants of which thou art one. That this sword shall be sheathed only in the blood of those misproud lords who grind the peasant to the dust,—that his hand shall be only raised for their undoing—this arm extended for their defeat. And to this end, life and soul, act and deed, do I here pledge myself. By heaven and all in heaven, I swear it!"

His blue eyes flashing, his right arm of iron muscle raised to heaven, while the hand grasped a sword, and his right leg advanced with fearful solemnity, he uttered the oath, speaking each word clear and distinct.

"And now," continued he, fastening his patched doublet, which concealed a gayer garment, laced with gold. "And now, as I thus buckle upon me the garb of the peasant, so will I gird me up in the peasant's cause. Father! dear father!—brother! very dear brother—aye—thou for whom I received this scar on my forehead—after this, should you hear of my merry doings, think, I pray you, *think of this hour!*" And in an instant he was gone.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRIAR, THE SMITH AND THE SCHOLAR.—SHALL THE TAX BE GATHERED?

"Hark'ye Gonzalo—your peasant is somewhat like your horse. Ignorant of his own strength, a child can manage him, but let him once know his strength, and the devil himself cannot rein him in!"—*Old Romance.*

Lower and lower descended that sun which was destined to set upon a scene of blood.

Castle and cottage were thrown in lengthening shadow, and the gentle Mabel stood leaning over the wicker fence of the little garden, with her fair blue eyes fixed upon a crowd of peasant men, gathered in front of the blacksmith's shop, listening to a tall, gaunt, and dark browed friar, who perched upon a rough block of unhewn wood, preached to the mob with a loud voice and violent gestures.

As the fair flower of Wogsden stood gazing at the crowd while her bosom trembled with some unknown fear, little did she wot of the near vicinity of the three tax gatherers, who, concealed behind the shrubbery in the rear of the garden, pointed to the maiden as they communed together in significant whispers. There was Hugh the bailiff with a stout bandage around his head, leering and grinning like some vulgar fiend, and there was the old steward with his biting laugh, and the huntsman with his hang-dog visage. They laughed and chuckled and whispered together, and to all appearance they anticipated some very good sport, some passing fine fun. And they had it too.

Among the group of peasants who clustered round the block on which stood the friar was a stout, broad shouldered smith, whose brawny arms rested upon his sledge hammer while his swarthy face was upturned to catch the words of the speaker.

He was in troth a stout man, with thewes of brass and sinews of iron, and his fist might have felled an ox, without much effort on his part. By his side with his arms folded on his breast, and his head drooped low as if in moody thought stood the scholar of Oxenford, and around with one sullen frown on their sunburnt faces were clustered the peasant men. They seem to have been suddenly called from their labor, and each man held the instrument of his daily toil in his hand. They listened to the friar in stern silence, only broken by a deep humming sound by which they signified their assent to his doctrines.

This friar with his dark brow and flashing eye, and ribald tongue, was none other than John Ball, a popular demagogue who went from town to town, preaching unheard of doctrines, such as that all men are equal, and others of a like kind.

"Ho! my rough handed hearers!" he shouted—"Ye who make the wealth of England, ye who fight her battles. Why is it that ye are trodden to the earth by those proud lordlings? Those pampered barons?"

He paused a moment as if waiting an answer, but no answer came. The fingers of the smith ran along the handle of his sledge hammer, and the brows of the peasantry frowned yet more darkly.

"Why is it I say"—shouted the friar, raising his voice—"Why is it that ye offer your necks to the feet of these proud barons? Are ye not their equals? They are men; so are ye. They have flesh, sinews, bones. So have ye. But their is a difference between ye. Your flesh is not puffed out by luxurie as is theirs. Your sinews are hardened by toil—theirs relaxed like the string of an unbent bow, with idleness and debauchery. Your bones support the forms of men—theirs are as unstable as the figure of wax which the flash of the candle will melt. In few"—he continued—"you are the bondsmen and the slaves, they the masters and the tyrants."

A deep murmur arose from the peasantry.

"Now judge me, ye honest men, in what I say"—he resumed in the strain peculiar to a popular demagogue, "If these lordlings are created your superiors, should not nature gift them with some natural mark of their superior birth? Poor and rich come into the world naked. Both are born with a pair of arms, as many legs and eyes, with one mouth and one nose. Now I would propose that these lords should come into the world, not as us bondsmen, but with four legs and arms, a nose on each side of the face as well as one in the middle; as for mouths let them have half-a-dozen, for no less number will serve to devour all that their rapacious hands would seize. And let them in like manner, have an additional eye, fixed on the middle of the forehead—then, mayhap, and then only will they see the dark clouds of the tempest now gathering around them." Here the wild and rambling preachment of the friar was cut short by the appearance of the three tax gatherers, the bailiff, the steward and the huntsman, who were seen coming along the village street, escorted by twelve yeomen in the livery of Agramont, at whose head, mounted on a noble steed rode Master Geoffrey the heir of Sir Giles De Agramont, in whom you cannot fail to perceive the form, face and figure of the ungainly student of Oxenford.

As the cavalcade approached, Phillippe, the bastard son, whom the villagers addressed by the name of Walter, was seen conversing in deep and whispering tones with the various peasant men ranged in front of the blacksmith's shop. He passed from one to the other having a word for each, and then disappeared in the smithery as the tax gatherers came up.

The bailiff proclaimed in a loud voice, his intention of taxing every person in the hamlet over the age of fifteen years. This proclamation was received in stern silence by the peasantry.

The red haired bailiff approached the blacksmith and whispered a word in his ear. What he said was unheard, but the reply of the smith was given through fixed teeth.

"I'll see thee d——d first!" he shouted letting his sledge hammer fall heavily upon the ground.

The bailiff glanced at Master Geoffrey De Agramont, and then with the bull headed huntsman at one shoulder and the sharp faced steward at the other, he exclaimed with the gesture of a proud lacquey.

"Then mayhap thou wilt quickly hand out thy portion of the tax. Stand aside hinds, and let these good yeomen approach."

And in an instant a band of some dozen, stout and well armed soldiers stood between the crowd and the tax gatherers.

"The tax I say."

"Thou hast it"—said the smith as drawing three groats from the leathern purse at his belt, he placed them in the hands of the red headed bailiff.

"This is but half of thy share. Thy daughter Mabel—the brave lass in the garden yonder is yet to be accounted for."

"She is but a child"—said the smith—"she is but a child—scarce fifteen years old."

"Marry is she though!" sneered the bailiff as he glanced at the Master De Agramont. "We'll soon see—we'll soon see!"

Ere the spectators could guess what he was about to do, in three springs he reached the garden gate, and in an instant appeared with his hand laid on the fair Mabel's arm, whom he pulled or dragged along the path, to the spot where the peasants were gathered. "She is scarce fifteen years old?" he shouted mimicing the words of the blacksmith. "Marry is she though? What does this say?"

As he spoke, at the same moment that the scholar of Oxenford appeared from the garden gate, the bailiff tore the 'kerchief from Mabel's breast, and her bosom was bared to the view of the bystanders. "Marry what does this say?" he again sneered as he drew the maiden toward master De Agramont.

Then occurred a scene which occupied but a second, yet not to be described by volumes.

The sneer was still upon the villain's lip, the taunt still upon his tongue, when swift as lightning the smith stepped back, his massive hammer he swung in the air—urged with all the force of his giant arm it descends; it crashes into the caitiff's skull down to the very eyebrows, while his blood spouts around, and his brains pollute the garments of the bystanders.

While the blood of their fellow villain was yet smoking on their attire; ere they had time to breathe a word, or raise a hand, were the other tax gatherers hewed down, one after another, and as they kissed the dust the good sword of Phillippe De Agramont severed their heads from their villainous carcases.

The peasants glanced around for Master Geoffrey the wedlock-born son. He had put spurs to his steed, and the yeomen of Agramont recoiled panic struck at the scene which passed before their eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLOW IS STRUCK.—THE SUNSET OF BLOOD.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

"Upon the hirelings! As ye are men—upon the gilded caitiff's!" shouted Phillippe De Agramont as sword in hand, he threw himself upon the foremost soldier.

"Huzzah for Wat Tyler,—death to the tyrants!"—shouted the smith, thus giving to the scholar the name he bore in the village.

"Huzzah for Wat Tyler—death to the tyrants!" re-echoed the peasantry, and thus for the first time arose that cry which was afterward the watchword of thousands—millions I had like to have said—who rising in wild rebellion shook the throne of England to its centre. And now began a scene of butchery that God grant may never again be witnessed in any land. Falling upon the soldiers, with all that ferocity, which is the peculiar property of a mob—these mechanics—these ploughmen—these hinds—raised each man of them, the tools of his craft, and with blow upon blow followed up the gratification of their revenge.

Here a soldier was beaten down by the spade of a gardener, here the axe of a carpenter sank deep into the brain of a prostrate wretch; there the red-hot ploughshare, snatched hissing from the stithy, rose and fell in the sturdy hands of a ploughman, and amidst all the din and uproar was heard the shout, the deep toned shout of the stern blacksmith who stayed not his hand while one of the caitiff's remained alive.

The last of the wretches sought safety in flight. But it was in vain. The sword of Tyler or De Agramont waving in front cleft him to the brisket, at the same moment that the hammer of the smith sank into his skull from behind.

And louder, and yet louder rose the shout—"Huzzah for Wat Tyler—Huzzah for freedom! Death to the tyrants!"

What boots it, however, to relate here how the rebel route, headed by Phillippe De Agramont, and the stern smith, surrounded the castle; how the panic stricken yeomen of Agramont at first made a vain attempt at resistance, but finally forgetting honor and loyalty in their fear, abandoned the walls of the infuriated peasantry, who rising from all quarters of the country hurried on to the castle, "there" as they phrased it, "to strike a good strong blow for their freedom!"

High on the midnight heavens, coloring rock and forest and stream, arose the light of the burning castle, and again, and again the sky of bloody red gave back that most terrible of all sounds, the shout, the maniac shout of an oppressed people working out the revenge meet for their wrongs. Higher and yet higher rolled the smoke in vast folds of inky blackness, extending its darkening pillar from earth to heaven, while from its sable folds, arose the short, quick cry for mercy, and all the sounds of rack and slaughter, arose in one fell chorus of horror and despair.

Fiercer and yet more fiercely the flames crackled, but though the smoke rolled in the splintering windows of the Hall of Agramont, yet the fire had not yet scarred it. But the tesselated floor was heated like an oven, and the effigies of iron glowed fiercely in the reflected light of the flame, while the paintings on the wainscotting showed forth in a light that the limner had never dreamed of.

The sound of a footstep broke the awful silence of the hall, and in an instant a haggard figure, with face pale as ashes, rushed from one of the corridors, with steps nervous and trembling with intense fear into the very centre of the pavement.

The full blaze of light poured in the window, and fell upon the face of Master Geoffrey the wedlock-born son of the knight of Agramont. His eyes glared wildly in his head, his cheeks were sunken as with the weight of years, and his lower jaw had fallen down to his very breast. Oh, what a fearful picture of intense Terror! Terror in the whitened lip, terror in the glaring eyeballs, terror in the quivering hands, and in the trembling form, that shook like the bones of the gibbet-chained skeleton, swayed to and fro, by the December winds.

And yet he shrieked not, nor cried for help, nor called. But a low murmuring sound came from his lips, and sinking on his knees, with his hands clasped, he looked around the hall, then sprang upon his feet and ran hither and thither from one window to another, from one secret door to another. But there was no help for him.

He must die.

The flames were all around, the windows were steep, and the mob was below and he must die.

Again and again he glanced around. There, six short hours before had his brother stood and drank the bitter cup tendered by his hands, and now the cup was returned to him.

"Ah! God of Heaven—help is nigh!" he shrieked, as he heard the sound of a footfall. Nearer and nearer it drew.

"'Tis red! Ha, ha, ha!" a voice came booming along one of the corridors. "Red with blood—ha, ha, ha! Good warm blood! See how it drips from the handle! The blood is red and warm, yet 'tis no better than peasant blood! Ha, ha, ha—Huzzah for Wat Tyler! Death to the tyrants!"

Well might Master Geoffrey cower and tremble at the sound of that voice.

In a moment begrimed with soot, and covered with blood, with his large sledge hammer waving above his head, John, the fierce blacksmith of Wogsden, rushed into the hall.

"Royal work hast thou done to night—my good sledge hammer! Ha! How bravely thou didst crash into the caitiff's skulls! Who is serf now, or who lord? The crushed worm has turned—does it sting? Ha, ha! Ask the slaughtered heaps who fell in the moat, ask—Huzza for Wat Tyler! Death to the tyrants!"

The smith was about rushing from the hall, when his eye caught a glance of the shrinking form of Geoffrey De Agramont.

"How! Another of the brood! By my —— a viper of the mother nest! Thou would'st drag my daughter to thy embraces would'st thou? Call hither thy minions. 'What ho! vassals bring hither Mabel, the smith's daughter; I am merry with wine, and would take my pleasure with the popelote!' Call thy minions; call I say—and let the moat be filled with their carcases—aye piled to the very banks—let the drawbridge rocking with their life blood answer! Thou art too mean a thing to die by this good sledge hammer—yet it must be. Huzza for Wat Tyler. Death to the tyrants!"

He swung the massive hammer in the air, the trembling wretch cowered at his feet, with the word 'mercy!' dying on his lips. Again and again the hammer was swung around the head of the smith, it descended like a thunderbolt, but as it descended two stout hands grasped the right arm of John, of Wogsden, and the blow, turned aside from its object, fell upon a stone of the tesselated pavement, splintering it into a thousand fragments.

"Hold!" cried a voice—"Whom would you slay?"

John, of Wogsden, turned and beheld Phillipe De Agramont. "I would slay no one," replied the smith, "but such as merit their doom. Richly has the caitiff merited his fate. He is dead, yet I struck him not. He died of his own fears!"

And there prostrate upon the pavement, with his head touching his knees, lay Master Geoffrey, of Agramont, a ghastly wreck of humanity. He had, indeed, died of his own fears.

Phillippe De Agramont knelt by the side of the corpse, and bending his face down almost to the very floor, gazed with one long earnest look at the features of the dead man.

He spoke not a word, but in his own heart there was a marvel, whether the spirit of his own betrayed mother was not hovering over the scene. After a moment he slowly arose, and picking up his blood stained sword, he grasped it as firmly as ever and strode from the hall.

"Which is now the bastard?" said the blacksmith, spurning the dead body, "Geoffrey the wedlock born son, or Walter the love-child? Ha, ha, ha! But I must after the youth; the flames are all around us, and the mood is on him! Huzzah for Wat Tyler—Death to the tyrants!"

Along a bye road, unattended and alone, fled Sir Giles De Agramont pricking his steed to the utmost, and as he fled the peasantry rose around him, and the ruddy light of morn mingling with the glare of the burning castle, shone upon myriads fighting for their rights, and filling the welkin with one shout—"Wat Tyler and freedom—Death to the tyrants!"

This was the first blow of the rebellion. Now for the last blow.

CHAPTER VII.

A REBEL LEADER.—A KING AND A LORD MAYOR.

The morning sun shone down upon the heath of Smithfield. On every side extended the myriads of the peasant camp, and the sunbeams glanced upon lordly jewels and princely gems, thrown at random among pieces of well used armour, for jewels and gems were now things of every day wear in the rebel encampment. Many a rich abbey had been sacked, many a lordly palace given to the flames, and last of all the city of London had afforded three days' pillage to the peasant men, and now they rested from their labors upon the heath of Smithfield, satiated with ravage, and drunk with riot. Far over the plain extended the sea of living men, their arms of every shape and form, shining like foam-crests in the beams of the sun. From every hill and valley had the ten thousands of England gathered to the scene of contest. The Saxon devil was up within the Englishmen, and much better were it for the oppressors that an earthquake had riven the hills of England, than to have aroused the demon, without knowing the magic word which was to quell him.

A shout arose from the rebel camp. It hailed the appearance of their leader, who, mounted on a stout iron gray steed, galloped from the rebel host along the plain with a few favorite men at his back.

In the massive square forehead, shaded by light brown locks; in the bold straight nose, and large prominent chin, covered by a stiff and colored beard, which marked the leader from his men, you cannot fail to discern the face of Phillippe the scholar of Oxenford. At his side was the stout, broad-shouldered Smith, of Wogsden, attired like his captain, in the plain and simple attire of a soldier, without any gaud, or chains, or other garish ornament about his person. His cheek was bronzed and his limbs were scarred by battle-toil. As they rode over the plain, conversing together, their attention was suddenly attracted by a party of mounted gentles, who were crossing the heath, and whose gay attire with all the glitter of jewels and gold, plainly showed that they were not of the rebel route.

As this gay party came galloping across the path of the rebel chief, every opportunity was afforded to study their manner and demeanor.

In front of this company, mounted on a small black palfrey, rode a youth of some sixteen summers. His countenance was mild and pleasant in expression, and light waving locks of golden hair, fell down to the embroidered collar of his gay doublet of blue, ornamented with flowers of gold. On his left breast shone a dazzling star of gems edged with gold. His head was covered with a cap of finest velvet, strung with jewels, and bearing in front a plume of dazzling white. This youth was attended by some dozen persons, evidently of high rank, as was shown by their proud bearing, their rich attire and the costly trappings of their noble steeds.

Phillippe De Agramont halted and awaited the approach of this gay company. As they drew nearer, they closed around the youth at their head, and putting their horses at their speed, made an attempt to pass the band of Walter Tyler. Throwing his iron grey with one spring directly in their front, the rebel leader shouted in a voice of thunder as he raised his open hand,

"Hold, I command ye!"

So sudden was the surprise and so quickly was the command given, that the steeds of the company were thrown back upon their haunches, and a minute elapsed ere a word was said.

At last a person of most corpulent rotundity of figure spoke. He was dressed in the gaudy trim of a lord mayor of the city. His protruding eyes were of a muddy blue, his forehead low and his head bald, his nose was aqualine and tipped with a flaming red, only equalled by the burning vermillion, which, rising in his puffed cheeks, spread over his whole countenance: his lips were thick and sensual, and his whole figure, face and air, expressive of mingled self conceit and vulgar audacity.

"Who art thou," cried he, "who art thou that thus boldly stoppest the way of the Majesty of England?" and then casting his eye to his cap which had fallen to the earth, he called to one of the mounted rebels, "There lies my cap. Pick it up, thou villain!"

"Marry I will see thee hanged first," cried the rebel. "Thou had'st better look to thy head, thou old carbuncled glutton!"

Walter Tyler replied to the query of the Lord Mayor, by sinking his head to the very pommel of his saddle, and was about to speak, when the young Sov'reign cried,

"Speak, bold man, who and what art thou?"

The rebel chief raised himself in his stirrups, and casting off the air of obeisance which he had assumed out of respect for the king, he shouted sternly—

"Who am I, and what? Have thy answer misproud king. I am an Englishman, in arms for my rights. I am a freeman, fighting for the preservation of freedom!"

The king and his retinue were awed by the bold tone of the rebel chief. After a pause, the king again spoke; his words were not heard by Smith and the others of the rebel party, but the result was that Walter Tyler gave orders to his immediate attendants to fall back to the main body of the rebel about three hundred yards distant.

He reserved only three of his followers; among whom was the strong limbed blacksmith, John of Wogsden. He clutched his massive sword, as he looked grimly at the gay company that circled the king.

"Retire ye some paces, my brave companions;" said Walter Tyler. "Richard of England hath shown some disposition to redress our wrongs; and I—"

A frown came over the brow of Smith.

"What!" he shouted, "thou wilt not surely trust thyself alone with these caitiff lords?"

"I will dare anything for the freedom of those brave men yonder!" The rebel chief waved his hand, and his men retired some fifty paces, leaving him alone with the king and his followers.

In a moment he appeared to be engaged in earnest discourse with Richard and his lords. John of Wogsden—as he afterward said—could not hear his words, but his gestures he could not avoid seeing; now they seemed conciliating, now commanding, now entreating, and again they were threatening.

Through intense curiosity the smith and the other rebels imperceptibly edged their horses toward the spot where stood the king, and finally they could distinguish Walter Tyler's words. He seemed to be on the point of turning his iron grey toward his men; the bridle-rein was tightly drawn in one hand, while leaning toward Richard he extended the other as he spoke in full and determined tones,

"It is vain! It is vain! Ye will come to no terms; ye will listen to no reason. This contest must end as it began—with the sword."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST BLOW IS STRUCK.

Here a thrill of horror crept through the brave smith as he saw Walworth, the portly Lord Mayor, whose steed was drawn up at the side of the rebel chief, slily draw his double-edged sword from its sheath, and grasping it with both hands, raise it behind the back of Tyler, who continued—

"With the sword must this war end, as with the sword it began. Ere yon sun goes down, shall your palace gates be red with blood and flame or else shall the corpse of Walter Tyler, lie stark and stiff."

The Blacksmith saw the movement of the mayor with every sign of alarm. No sooner did it meet his eye than he drew his sword, let fall the bridle rein, plunged his boots into his gelding's sides; and in five good leaps he cleared the space between him and the king.

"Or else," cried the rebel leader, "or else shall the corpse of Walter Tyler lie stark and stiff—"

The words were still on the brave rebel's lips, the blacksmith but one yard from his side, when whizzing through the air the sword of the traitor falls, and the victim of his treachery is beaten to the earth. In an instant the blacksmith is at his side, in an instant have the other rebels thrown themselves from their steeds, and in an instant did Tyler spring upon his feet, his face streaming with blood.

"King," he shouted, "King, is this your plighted honor?"

He raised his sword; it fell powerless.

"I die a death of violence and foul treachery," he shouted as his face was covered with blood. "So shalt thou die!"

A dagger was thrust into his back; at the same moment he who thrust the dagger received into his very throat the sword of the smith, and the murderer and the murdered fell together.

Richard of England turned shrinking from the scene of blood, and the prophecy of the dying man rang in his ears. Presently recovering himself, he rallied his attendant and awaited his fate.

All this was done ere one could count twelve.

And now the rebels, the vast living sea came rolling on, while from earth to the very dome of heaven arose one fearful yell of vengeance.

And as they came, the blacksmith loosened his hold of his sword; he spread out his hands, each finger apart from the other; his eyes starting from the very sockets, he fixed upon the lifeless corpse beneath him; his parted lips quivered with a quick nervous motion, while from the very bottom of his muscular chest came one fierce, terrific howl—the cry of intense despair—which scared the very horses who had fronted many a battle, and made the bystanders, king, lords, all shiver with indefinable horror.

And as the blacksmith stood over the corpse, the multitude gathered around with shouts of vengeance. With swords drawn and bills raised, they yelled for revenge, and fiercer and yet more fierce arose their shouts, "Down with the bloody king and his bloody followers! Hew them to pieces! Down! Down!"

On they came and encircled the king; one rebel seized his horse's head, one laid hold of his leg as if to drag him from his steed; a sword was raised over his head, and a spear was poised at his back, when rising on his stirrups with all the spirit of the Edwards' flashing in his eyes, the boy of sixteen shouted—

"Men of England, what means this wild tumult? Are ye angry that ye have lost your leader? *I—Richard your king, will be your leader!*"

And impelled by one of those sudden impulses which rule a mob, for good or for evil, the caitiffs sank down cowering like a pack of whipt hounds.

The clown at the bridle-rein dropped his hold; the spear fell from the hands of the rebel at the back of the king; and he at the stirrup was the first to throw up his cap and join in the long, long hurrah which filled the air ere Richard had done speaking.

And they spat upon the body of him so lately their leader; aye, they trampled upon it. As the corpse lay mangled and bleeding upon the earth, one of the king's train dismounted from his steed, and bending upon one knee, leaned earnestly over the death-written features of Walter Tyler.

He was an aged man, and as he took a last look at the corse, a tear stole down his time-wrinkled features, and his lips muttered in a low tone the words—

"Boy! thy mother is avenged!"

It was Sir Giles De Agramont.

He was still gazing at his bastard son, when the smith who had suddenly disappeared, burst through the crowd, and taking the body of Walter Tyler in his arms, he bore it away as he sternly said—

"Make way, ye dogs, make way, lest the corpse of Wat Tyler should rise from the dead at your accursed touch!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONCLUSION.

It was night. The heath of Smithfield was lonely and desolate. Where a few hours before the sun had looked down upon hundreds of thousands of human beings, the rising moon now glimmered upon the faces of two, a father and his daughter, and between the twain, looking pale and ghastly in the fair moonlight, was the corpse of Phillippe De Agramont.

Passing one hand over the clammy brow of the corpse, the blacksmith of Wogsden grasped his sword with the other, and looked sternly into the face of the dead. He was evidently endeavoring to conceal his emotion. But the effort was in vain. Sob after sob came from his muscular chest, and that stern, unfearing man mingled his tears with those of his daughter, the fair flower of Wogsden.

"'I die a death of violence and foul treachery;' those were his last words," murmured the smith, "'King so shalt thou die!'"

"Aye—a death of violence and foul treachery shall he die," exclaimed a deep toned voice, and the tall form of the friar, John Ball stood beside the corse. "John of Wogsden be thou the minister of that death!"

And raising his sword in the pale moonlight, John of Wogsden, the stern smith, made a vow in his heart of hearts. The priest held his hands up to the moonlit heaven, and while the heart broken Mabel cast herself weeping upon the corse, by every secret oath and sign, that vow was confirmed.

Three summers passed, and one glowing morn, there journeyed amid one of the loveliest landscapes of lovely Italy, three travellers who wended on foot.

They were the habit of pilgrims from the *Holy Land*; two were men and the other was a female.

Slight and graceful in figure, the long silken tresses of the maiden fell over her shoulders, and streamed half way down her back, all daintily adorned with snow-white lilies. He who walked by her side was a tall gaunt man, seeming bent with premature age; and his hair was grizzled, and his beard was white. At his side walked one in the guise of a friar, not quite so stout as his companion; yet also of hoary hair and whitened beard.

Suddenly a wild shrill laugh broke startingly upon the air. It was the laugh of one bereft of reason.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the maiden merrily laughed—"Father these be green hills, these be bright skies, and these be pretty flowers."

The maiden looked gaily round and revealed the wild cherub-like countenance of Mabel the smith's daughter. The calm expression of her blue eyes was gone, and in its stead was the wandering glance of madness.

"Father these be bright skies, these be green hills and these be pretty flowers. Will not Walter be very glad when I bring him home this pretty wreath? And how he will laugh—Ha, ha, ha! when we tell him of our journey all round the world in search of him, when all the time he was sitting at the cottage door waiting for us!"

She laughed that wild, startling laugh again and again.

"Father will we not soon be there?" she said in a whisper. "How far is it to the cottage, father? Oh, I would like very much to see the pretty honeysuckle before the door—and then I and Walter will run along the fields and up by the wood and the castle." She gave a faint scream as though some terrible memory had crossed her brain. And then she called the name of him whose limbs hung rotting on the four gates of London.

"Walter—Walter! Why does not Walter come, my father? 'Tis not kind in him. Walter—how far is it to the cottage—will we soon be there? Where is Walter? for the Virgin's sake tell me, where is Walter?"

She cast a beseeching and heart-rending look, in the face of John of Wogulea. A tear was in his eye, and the time, John Ball, hid his face in her cowl.

---

* The original designation of Oxford, Eng.

"Canst bear to look upon her face?" whispered the monk.

"I can bear to look upon even that fell wreck," the monk answered. "My vow—priest—my vow!" And they passed on.

Twenty years from that day the dethroned Richard lay starving in one of the cells of the castle of Pontefract. Nine days had he been without food or drink, and on each successive day had the mocking laugh of his keeper, an old and grey-headed man rung in his ears. On the morn of the ninth day, Richard laid himself upon the cold, damp pavement and died, and as his last breath left his wasted frame, that bitter mockery of laughter rung in his ears, and a voice exclaimed—

"I die a death of violence and foul treachery. King so shalt thou die!"

News from Congress.

On Wednesday, in the House, the consideration of the President's Message in relation to the Apportionment Bill was resumed, and the message referred to a select committee. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. The veto of the Provisional Tariff Bill was now sent in by the President, which induced a hot debate.

In the Senate, the bill to re-organize the Army and for other purposes, was discussed.

On Thursday in the Senate the bill respecting the reorganization of the Army, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of the bill to provide for the settlement of such cases as that of McLeod.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, a resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to state whether any circular has been issued to the collectors of customs, authorizing the collection of duties after this day; and if so, to send a copy of such circular. The resolution also requires the Secretary to state whether his former opinion, "that no duties could be collected after to-day, under the compromise act," has undergone any change.

Mr. Weller asked leave to introduce a bill to extend the operation of the present revenue laws till March next, but the House refused.

The House then resumed the debate on the President's Veto Message.

Mr. Briggs combatted the positions taken by the President.

Mr. Stewart followed on the same side.

Mr. Proffit defended the President.

Mr. Lane, of Indiana, replied with much warmth, and denounced the President.

Mr. Weller followed, and advocated the course of President Tyler at great length.

When he had closed, Mr. Caruthers obtained the floor, and on motion the House adjourned.

On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Woodbury asked leave to introduce two bills—one to continue in force existing revenue laws and restricting the rate of duty to 20 per cent. and the other to provide a system of home valuation. This brought up a debate on the late veto; after which Mr. Simmons submitted a report from the Committee on Manufactures, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Fillmore reported the Army Appropriation Bill with amendments.

Mr. Casey offered a joint resolution that Congress adjourn on the 18th of July.

Mr. Fillmore.—I object. We are not yet in a situation to adjourn. I trust Congress never will adjourn until a Tariff Bill is passed.

Mr. Casey.—We can adjourn on the day designated as well as at any other time.

Mr. Joseph R. Ingersoll said he hoped an adjournment would not even be talked of until a Tariff Bill had been passed.

Mr. Casey moved that the rules of the House be suspended for the purpose of enabling him to offer the resolution.

The question was taken and it was decided 90 to 75 not to suspend the rules.

On Saturday, in the Senate, nothing worthy of note was transacted, except the passage of the Massachusetts Claim Bill. The Bill appropriates $227,000.

In the House, the Veto was debated hotly until the hour of adjournment.

On Monday the Senate did not sit.

In the House the debate upon the Veto Message (on the provisional tariff bill) was continued by Mr. Hunter, Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, and Mr. Adams; when, the previous question having been ordered and taken—

The main question was put, "Shall this bill pass, the objections of the President notwithstanding?" Upon which question the votes were: yeas 114, nays 97. So, the required two-thirds of the members present not having voted for the passage of the bill, the bill was *rejected*. After which, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, the special order of the day for to-morrow and the two days following, (on business relating to the Territories,) was postponed to the corresponding days of next week—for the purpose, understood, of going on with the discussion of the tariff bill.

On Tuesday, in the House, the debate on the Tariff was resumed. Messrs. Kennedy, Appleton and J. R. Ingersoll advocated protection—Messrs. Saunders and McKeon spoke in favor of free trade.

In the Senate, all the bills which were engrossed on Saturday were finally passed. Nothing of great interest, however, was done.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Wednesday, in Senate, a bill passed affecting very materially the creditors of the U. S. Bank, in Philadelphia. The bill was got up for the benefit of certain debtors to the Branch at Erie, and provides that unless the assignees of the U. S. Bank will agree to receive its own issues in payment of debts due it, all property by them seized, for the collection of such debts, shall not be sold, unless it brings two-thirds of its appraised value. The bill was opposed by Mr. Sparkman and others, and passed by a vote of 17 to 15.

In the House, the Apportionment Bill, passed by Congress, was debated and finally a resolution, "That it is the duty of this House forthwith to proceed to district the State, in compliance with the Apportionment Bill recently passed by Congress," was agreed to—ayes 57, nays 33.

On Thursday, in the Senate, nothing worthy of record was done.

In the House, the debate on the Apportionment Law was renewed. The House finally declared that it "is expedient to proceed to district the State into Congressional Districts in accordance with the provisions of the act recently passed—at the same time protesting against the manner in which Congress has interfered in relation to the form of apportioning the States, (into single Districts,) and passed by a vote of 52 to 46. The bill authorising the Canal Commissioners to purchase trucks for the transportation of section boats on the State Railroad, was ordered to be transcribed for a third reading by a vote of 40 to 41. There appears to be a great opposition to this bill from transporters and others interested, but it will kill off some very dangerous monopolies, which have done great injury to the public works.

On Friday the House passed the bill to authorize the Canal Commissioners to purchase trucks for the transportation of section-boats on the State Rail-roads. The bill was, during the same morning, signed by the Governor.

In the Senate Mr. McClay, from the Committee on Apportionment of Congressional Districts, reported a Bill of which we give that portion which regards Philadelphia.

"Southwark, Moyamensing, Kingsessing, Passyunk and Blockley, of the county of Philadelphia, and Cedar and New Market wards, of the city, shall be the first district, and elect one representative.

"The city of Philadelphia shall be the second district, and shall elect one representative.

"The Northern Liberties, Kensington, and the first and second wards of Spring Garden, shall be the third district, and elect one representative.

"The county of Montgomery, Roxborough, Penn Township, and the third and fourth wards of Spring Garden, of Philadelphia County, shall be the fourth district, and elect one representative."

On Saturday, in the House, a resolution for a final adjournment of the Legislature on the 14th of July, was offered, and its consideration postponed until the 8th. The Legislature will not probably adjourn much, if any, before the last of the month.

In the Senate, Mr. Ewing reported a bill to incorporate the Erie Canal Company—that is, a company to purchase and finish the Erie extension of the Pennsylvania Canal.

The bill to stop the public works was taken up on second reading, when a motion was made to add a section repealing the Truck bill, which was signed by the Governor yesterday, and after debate the motion was negatived—ayes 7, noes 15. An ineffectual attempt was also made to add a section for the payment of the relief notes which may be in the treasury, to the domestic creditors—the bill then passed, and was sent back to the House. This is the bill which passed the House a few days ago, under the title of a bill for the relief of domestic creditors.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Auditor General, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, informing the Legislature that the whole amount of the funded debt of this State, as registered in the Bank of Pennsylvania, was divided as follows:—

Loans held by citizens of this State,	$9,635,613 47
" " by citizens of other States,	1,088,337 00
" " by subjects of foreign kingdoms,	23,730,306 00
Total,	34,454,256 47

In the House, the bill to dispose of the main line of the State improvements was passed over, by a vote of 44 to 33, and on motion of Mr. Elwell, the bill to incorporate the North Branch Canal Company was taken up on second reading. The first, second, third and fourth sections passed by a vote of 63 to 12; the fifth was under consideration when the House adjourned.

The bill provides to give the North Branch Canal, from Northumberland to the State line, to a company, provided they engage to finish it, reserving the power to take it back at the end of twenty years, after defraying the expenses of the company in its completion, &c.

The two Houses insisted severally upon the ground, each had taken upon the domestic creditor bill, and after some debate in each House, a committee of conference was appointed.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Last year the profit of the State Printer in Congress amounted to five thousand dollars. This year seventeen thousand dollars.

☞ The loss by the recent freshet at Little Falls, is estimated at from $10,000 to $15,000.

☞ There are 36 males and 19 females in Eastern Pennsylvania over 100 years of age.

☞ A Silver Vase has been bestowed upon Mr. Cooper, by the Bostonians.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, July 9, 1842.

REMOVAL.—The proprietors of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, have REMOVED the office of their several publications to the new, commodious and elegant building, on CHESNUT STREET. The publication office, being on the ground floor, on the [illegible] side of the street, presents superior facilities for business.

The attention of subscribers to the several works, and that of the public generally, is respectfully requested to the fact of the removal.

ORIGINAL NOVEL.

We shall commence, in the Saturday Evening Post of next week, the publication of an Original Novel, written expressly for this journal, by the author of "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO"—papers which were extensively quoted by the press throughout the country, at the period of their publication, and many of which, having appeared in these columns, are known to our readers. The present work is entitled "THE OLD LOYALIST," and is a tale embodying some of the leading characters and events of the *American Revolution*. The novel will occupy about as much time in its publication as "Ringwood the Rover," which appeared originally in the Post, some three months since, and which was pronounced, by competent judges, to be the best novel that had ever been published by an American newspaper. We are sparing no exertions to please our readers, and for that purpose employ more original talent than any cotemporary. Those who wish "The Old Loyalist" will subscribe with the next number. Pass on the current funds!

☞ Mr. E. Pearce Jones, who is now travelling through the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for all works issued from this office.

☞ Will the author of "Leaves from an old Port-Folio" and "To Mary," be kind enough to call at this office?

THE FOURTH.

The anniversary of our National Independence appears to have been celebrated with the usual spirit in every section of the country from which we have heard. In Philadelphia the day was characterized by an unusual decorum, even for our staid city. The most imposing of the processions was that of the Catholic Total Abstinence Association, whose members numbering about five thousand, with several superb banners, and three or four bands of music, paraded our streets. On Broad street the procession halted, while an elegant banner was presented by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., accompanied by one of his neat and appropriate addresses. The procession then marched to the Museum, where Dr. Moriarty delivered an oration. The various political parties celebrated the day by dinners. The friends of Henry Clay met at the Masonic Hall, where speeches were made by J. R. Chandler, W. B. Reed, Charles Gibbons, Esqs. and by Senator Moorehead, of Kentucky. J. B. Myers presided. The Tyler celebration came off at McAran's garden. J. W. Tyson was the President of the day. The chair occupied by Mr. Tyson was the same occupied by William Penn, when, as Governor and proprietor of Pennsylvania, he presided in his first Legislative council. The table in front of the President of the day was covered with the flag of Commodore Decatur, and at his right and left waved the colors borne by the United States Light Dragoons during the last war. Mr. Proffit, of Indiana, and Dr. T. D. English and T. Connell, Esq. of this city addressed the party. The Democrats met in the morning in Independence Square, and dined subsequently at Lebanon Garden, where the Hon. George M. Dallas presided.

National salutes, as usual, were fired, morning, noon, and night at the Navy Yard. Troops paraded, clubs and parties visited the neighboring towns, and excursions of every description were on foot. The day was one of general hilarity. Yet few breaches of the peace occurred. There were, however, several melancholy accidents. The most heart-rending one, perhaps, was the death of Charles, eldest son of our fellow townsman Gideon Scull, Esq., who was drowned while sailing on the Delaware; the sail-boat, in which he was, having been upset by a squall. The deceased was universally beloved by a large circle of friends, and was on the eve of marriage to a young lady of this city. His sudden death has cast a gloom over all who knew him. A young man, a son of Mr. Caleb Hand, aged about twenty-two, was killed near Roxborough, by a rocket, which he was letting off, but which, not being properly directed, struck young Hand in the breast and killed him instantly. This appalling death occurred in the presence of his own family and a large circle of friends. A young lady named Lydia Ann Dickerson, was drowned, while on a sailing excursion up the Delaware, near Ten Mile Point, by the shifting of a boom, knocking her overboard. She never rose again. Various other accidents occurred, but not of sufficient importance to be mentioned. At the Point House, a disgraceful attack was made on the landlord by a party of drunken fishermen, who broke to pieces the bar and severely beat the proprietor.

In New York, the day was celebrated with the usual spirit. The military were reviewed in the Park, and afterward paraded through the principal streets. Returning in front of the City Hall they fired a *feu de joie*, and dispersed. At noon, the invention of Mr. Colt for blowing up vessels of war, was tested in the river in front of Castle Garden. A few minutes after the vessel was deserted, she blew up with a tremendous explosion, splitting into ten thousand pieces. In the early part of the day, the Croton water was admitted into the reservoir between the city and Yorkville, and at noon was permitted to flow down to the City Hall. In the evening, the sky was alive with rockets, though the usual display of fireworks in the Park, at the cost of the Corporation, was omitted.

A TERRIFIC STORM.

Our city was visited, on Friday the 1st inst., with a thunder storm, than which no tempest more awful has occurred here within the memory of our oldest inhabitants. The day had been excessively warm, and towards three o'clock a dark bank of clouds began to collect on the southern horizon. During the whole afternoon the thunder was heard growling in the distance, but the storm appeared to be passing to the eastward, and at a great distance. Towards seven o'clock, however, a gloomy mass of clouds suddenly heaved up in the south west and came rolling on towards the city, over which they soon burst. The tempest continued some time, when the rain ceased, and there was every appearance of a clear evening. All at once, however, the wind shifted to the southeast, and the two masses of clouds we have described, met and were rolled back on the city, over which they passed. The tempest that ensued surpassed in terrific grandeur anything we have ever seen. The rain came down in torrents. The wind whistled wildly along the streets, sweeping the water like spray before it. Never did the lightning blaze more incessantly. Flash followed flash in quick succession, the thunder crashing awfully on high. One discharge we shall never forget. We were sitting in our room at the time, when suddenly the apartment was filled with a blinding glare, in which every object swam before the pained and startled sight, while simultaneously the bolt crashed, as it were, at our ears, and then rattled down the sky, echoing and re-echoing as it died in the distance. The darkness which followed the subsiding of the flash seemed Cimmerean. For more than an hour that blaze swam in our eyes, that bolt thundered in our ears. The storm continued for more than two hours, doing unprecedented damage in the city and its vicinity.

The spectacle presented on the water by the storm was equally terrific. A friend who happened to be on the river says that the general darkness, produced by the blinding rain, was so intense as to shut out the prospect of either shore, and even of the surrounding water except in the immediate vicinity. So thick was the gloom that the boat twice went ashore, and once came near running down a smaller craft. The whole heavens seemed to be in a blaze with the lightning. One bolt that struck the river about a furlong astern, threw the water up in showers around it. No less than three barns were observed on fire on shore at the same time. The fright of the females on board, and indeed of some of the men, bore token to the terror as well as the grandeur of the scene.

The list of disasters produced by this tempest is almost incredible. The city was struck in at least twenty places. St. Paul's church suffered considerably; the *Presbyterian* church in Arch street was also struck. No persons, however, were killed, though several were stunned. The streets were full of water, and near the mouths of culverts, the tide collected to the depth of several feet. A man swam across the broad space at the junction of Christian and Sixth and Passyunk road. At the corner of Fourth and Market streets there are several basements occupied as stores; all these were filled with water. In one of these several persons came near losing their lives. A Mr. Powell, three ladies, and two boys, waited in the store until the doors of the vault and the front doors of the store were driven in by the weight of the water. In an instant the water had reached the height of five feet in the store, and was fast rising, when the shrieks of the ladies brought three gentlemen to the assistance of the party, and the whole had but a moment been extricated when the store became filled with water to the ceiling. The occupiers of these stores, and of others in Market street, suffered severely. One firm is said to have had goods to the amount of $12,000 damaged.

According to the gauge at the Pennsylvania Hospital, the quantity of rain that fell during the storm, was 5 inches 120-100ths. The tempest extended some distance around, but its *chief fury* was spent on Philadelphia. In New York four houses were struck, but the storm there was only of ordinary violence.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

We are gratified to learn, from the Missouri Reporter, that Lieut. Fremont, of the corps of Topographical Engineers, has been despatched by the War Department, with a party of twenty men on a tour to the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of examining the country between the mouth of the Kansas and the head waters of the great river Platte, including the navigable parts of both these rivers, and of what is called the Southern Pass in the Rocky mountains, and the intermediate country, with a view to the establishment of a line of military posts from the frontiers of Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia River. This expedition is connected with the proposition now before Congress to occupy the territory about Columbia River, as proposed by Dr. Linn's bill. The great river Platte is the most direct line of communication between this country and the mouth of the Columbia, and that route is known to be practicable and easy. It therefore becomes important to ascertain the general character of that river and the adjacent country, and the facilities it will be likely to afford in prosecuting the contemplated settlements in Oregon. The *Southern Pass*, or depression in the Rocky Mountains is near the source of the extreme western branch of the river Platte, and affords an easy passage for wagons and other wheel carriages, which have frequently passed over the mountains upon that route, without difficulty or delay; and it is important that the latitude of this point should be ascertained, as it is thought that it will not vary much from the line established between the United States and Mexico, by the treaty with Spain of 1819. If this Pass should fall south of that line, (the 42d degree of north latitude,) it may become necessary to examine the country north of it; the line of the Yellowstone, and south branch of the Columbia, would, it is thought, afford the next best route. This proposed examination is peculiarly proper at this time, when the researches of Lieut. Wilkes at Columbia river are still fresh in the public mind. The examinations of this officer and Lieut. Fremont, will give us an authentic and interesting view of the important country belonging to the United States on each side of the Rocky Mountains; and, taken in connexion with the great scientific survey of Mr. Nicholet, commencing at the mouth of the Missouri river, and extending north to the head of the Mississippi, and to latitude 49, and covering all the country in the *forks* of these two rivers, over an extent of *ten* degrees of latitude, will shed immense light on the geography and natural history of the vast region west of the Mississippi river. Now that the attention of the public has been directed to the great territory of Oregon, this knowledge will be more than ever important. Indeed we have been somewhat surprised that the National Government has not before sent out an expedition of a character like that under the command of Lieut. Fremont. Information only has been waiting respecting Oregon, to induce settlers to establish themselves years ago. It is known that many of the islands in the Pacific have already been settled by Americans, and trading-houses established, by which a large and profitable business is carried on with the Indian tribes on the Northwestern coast of America, and with the East Indies and China. There is nothing to prevent trading establishments in Oregon from ultimately securing a large share of the trade, and adding much to the wealth and prosperity of the whole Union. Many of the hardy pioneers are already turning their faces west of the Rocky Mountains, and if Lieut. Fremont should be successful in his exploration we shall look for the occupation of Oregon at no distant day. Its advantages cannot much longer be overlooked.

THE PRESENT TARIFF.

The veto of the Provisional Tariff Bill—noticed in our columns last week—has been received with the severest strictures by the Whig press, and with apparent approval by the administration and Van Buren presses. The effect of the veto has been to throw the revenue laws back on the celebrated Compromise Act; and considerable discussion has already arisen as to what is the proper method now to collect duties. The Compromise Act changes the *amount* of duties, the *basis* of valuation, and the *mode* of collecting them; but expressly declares that the details thereof should be regulated by law. The section is as follows:

Sec. 3.—And be it further enacted, That until the thirtieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, the duties imposed by existing laws, as modified by this act, shall remain and continue to be collected. And from and after the day last aforesaid, all duties upon imports shall be collected in ready money; and all credits now allowed by law, in the payment of duties shall be, and hereby are, abolished; and such duties shall be laid for the purpose of raising a revenue, as may be necessary to an economical administration of the Government; and from and after the day last aforesaid, the duties required to be paid by law on goods, wares, and merchandize, shall be assessed upon the value thereof at the port where the same shall be entered, under such *regulations as may be prescribed by law.*

Under this section two different opinions have been held. Several leading members of Congress, and we are informed the Secretary of the Treasury also, think that this act gives no authority to collect the duties to which it refers, as the regulations, under which these collections are to be enforced, have not yet been laid down by any law. The President and Attorney General, take a different view of the subject, and the various collectors accordingly have been instructed to receive in cash twenty per cent. on the home valuation of the goods entered, on and after the first of July. Many merchants have entered their goods under a protest, contending that the old revenue laws have ceased, and that goods are therefore to be admitted free.

Where, in cases like this, there is reasonable cause to doubt, Congress ought promptly to interfere and set the matter right. That party is the best for the country which takes most care of the country; and the people know this and act accordingly.

It is quite evident now that the President will veto any Tariff Bill, which has a clause retaining the Distribution Act. It is also equally apparent that a portion of Congress will cling to the Distribution Act, come what will of the Tariff. And we think any concession, by either side, extremely problematical. We have now a duty of twenty per cent. with the Distribution Act in force, so that the States' quotas of the proceeds of the Public Lands will be coming due, without sufficient funds in the hands of Government to redeem them. What is the nation to do for funds? By what ignorance, folly, or faction, have we been reduced to this dilemma? But we still have hope for our country. Let every true patriot, disregarding selfish considerations, and opposing party where party opposes right, come up to the redemption of his land. Better days must, nay will come!

A GOVERNMENT PROJECT.

A communication has been received by the Secretary of State, from Ad. De Bacourt, the French Minister at Washington, proposing to our government to unite with France in the establishment of a line of steamers between Havre and New York. The Minister says "Two or three steamers of 450 horse power employed by each government in communications between France and the United States, might be sufficient for a weekly line; the question of letter carriage might be arranged in common, according to a liberal system; the rates of passage might be fixed so as to facilitate travelling; the carriage of goods might be left to the mercantile marine, or regulated by common consent, within limits proper to reconcile the interests of commerce with those of private shippers." The Secretary of State has replied, that, hitherto, the United States has limited the construction of steamers to such as are destined for military purposes; he promises, however, to lay the matter before Congress, and, accordingly, the correspondence has been transmitted to the House.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A decision has been made in the U. S. District Court of Missouri, under the bankrupt act, which materially affects defaulters, especially when the party has been an administrator. The case was as follows: It appears that the petitioner for the benefit of the bankrupt act, independently of his ordinary debts, was a defaulter as an administrator on an estate. Objections having been made to his discharge, on this ground, by his creditors, the petitioner's counsel contended that he might be declared a bankrupt, and obtain a final discharge as to all debts not created in consequence of such defalcation, notwithstanding the debtor was a defaulter at the time of his application. The Judge overruled the plea, and decided that the petitioner could not be declared a bankrupt, nor be discharged from any of his debts, in what way soever created. This is not only according to the spirit of the Bankrupt Act, but in conformity with abstract justice.

RHODE ISLAND.

The civil war in Rhode Island has again totally subsided, nor do we think there is any danger of its renewal. On Wednesday the prisoners, taken at Chepachet to the number of 100, were brought into Providence, escorted by the troops. During the procession the streets were crowded, flowers were rained down from the windows, and the air was rent with shouts. The enthusiasm was unprecedented. The captured cannon, muskets, tents and other munitions were safely deposited in Providence. On Thursday, Carter, the most prominent follower of Dorr, was arrested in Connecticut, on a requisition of Gov. Cleveland, and taken in safe custody to Rhode Island. The excitement at Pawtucket had subsided. Dorr has not yet been arrested, nor is it certain in what direction he has fled, some accounts saying to New York and Philadelphia, and others to Canada. A reward of five thousand dollars has been offered for his apprehension. The Legislature met pursuant to adjournment this afternoon, when a resolution was introduced by Mr. John H. Clarke, the purport of which was that no discharge should be made of prisoners until they had been examined by Commissioners appointed by the General Assembly, and their action approved by the Governor. The Senate passed a bill to pay the militia and volunteers who had been called out to put down the rebellion. It was sent to the House. The cost to the State will be from $70,000 to $80,000. The Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Rhode Island, have given notice that they will proceed to the examination of prisoners, taken in the act of treason. They give the names of thirty-five prisoners, who are to have precedence in the examination. They all appear to belong to the State of Rhode Island, and to have Rhode Island names, excepting one, Patrick McCusker, of Boston. Most of the troops have departed to their homes, and the ordinary avocations of business have been resumed.

FROM TEXAS.

We have intelligence from Texas to the 21st inst. Nothing positive has transpired respecting the contemplated invasion of Mexico, so much talked of and so eagerly desired by the great body of the people. Whatever the intentions of Gen. Houston may be, it is evident that he does not mean to disclose them till Congress meets, which will be in a few days. In the meantime the spirit of surmise is busy among the people—some asserting that the President wishes to "dodge" the war; others that he but "bides the time" to commence and carry it on with vigor. A number of men left Galveston lately to join the army at Corpus Christi; their arrival there, it is thought, will dispel the dissatisfaction that exists among the troops, who are tired of inactivity, and eager to commence the campaign.

The American schooner captured off the Balize by the Texan sloop Washington, has been released by the court of admiralty, as also her cargo, with the exception of some powder, which did not appear in the manifest, and is still under consideration. A man named Cooke was shot in Galveston on the morning of the 17th inst., by J. L. Briggs, of that city. Cooke previously stabbed Briggs.

The financial condition of Texas is at a low ebb indeed. The returns of the Treasury department reveal the melancholy fact that the annual revenues of the Republic, during the last six years, have been scarcely sufficient to defray the expenses of Congress alone; and the nett revenue that has been collected this year, amounts to but little more than two thirds of the expenses of the last Congress! A. P. Thompson has been elected Chief Justice of Harrison county, in the room of the Hon. Isaac N. Moreland deceased. Mr. Moreland was one of the heroes of San Jacinto and commanded the artillery company at that memorable battle. There is nothing else of importance on the files.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The number of these unfortunates in the United States, is almost incredible, and should stimulate us to increased exertions for the foundation and support of institutions for their amelioration. The census for 1840 shows, that in Maine, with a population of 501,793, there are deaf and dumb persons, 235. In New Hampshire, the population is 284,576, and the deaf mutes 203. In Massachusetts, the entire population is 737,699; deaf mutes 325, and the proportion they bear to the whole population as 1 to 2270. In Vermont, the whole population is 291,948; deaf mutes 159, and the proportion is 1 to 1836. In Connecticut, the total population is 309,978; deaf mutes 207, and the proportion is as 1 to 1497. In Rhode Island, the total population is 108,830; deaf mutes 77, and the proportion is as 1 to 1413. The entire population of New England, is 2,234,822; deaf mutes 1227, and the ratio which these bear to the whole is as 1 to 1812. In South Carolina, the total *white* population is 259,084; deaf mutes 144, and the proportion as 1 to 1800. In the same state, the colored population amounts to 335,314; deaf mutes 76, and the proportion as 1 to 4406. The entire population of the state is 594,398; deaf mutes 218, and the proportion as 1 to 2726. In Georgia, the total *white* population is 408,229; deaf mutes 207, and the proportion as 1 to 1972. The colored population amounts to 283,697; deaf mutes 64, and the proportion is as 1 to 4433. The entire population of the state is 691,926; deaf mutes 271, and the proportion is as 1 to 2553. The whole population of the United States is stated at 17,068,666; the whole deaf and dumb population at 7659, and the proportion between these two numbers is about 1 to 2228.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

By the arrival of the brig Amazon, at Baltimore, on Saturday last, we have intelligence from Buenos Ayres to May 10th. Business of all kinds was nearly suspended in consequence of the continuance of the dreadful atrocities committed by the adherents of Gov. Rosas upon all who were opposed to him in their political views, or who were either publicly or privately obnoxious to him or his friends. All strangers and many of the citizens were anxious to leave Buenos Ayres, but as the dominant party granted very few passports, and the packets were strictly searched before sailing, it was a matter of much difficulty and danger to get away. The papers are very silent on the subject of the outrages on the lives of the *Unitarian* party daily committed by the partizans of Rosas. Subscriptions to the amount of $150,000, made by societies and individuals, had been tendered to the Government for the purpose of carrying on the war against the Unitarians. The letters accompanying these contributions abound in expressions of the most fulsome flattery of Gov. Rosas, and denounce the Unitarians and their leaders in the most savage and uncivilized terms, and earnestly wish for the total extermination of the remnant of the party.

Admiral Brown, with the Buenos Ayrean squadron was lying off Montevideo, waiting an opportunity for another combat with Admiral Coe. The latter, however, kept closely in the harbor. The stories recently published in this country of the alleged defection of Admiral Brown are untrue.

THE TREATY CONCLUDED.

It is rumored that a treaty has been concluded at Washington, between the United States and Great Britain, which effectually disposes of all existing difficulties between the two countries. The rumor is that the treaty was signed on Monday, and that a copy of it was forwarded to England by the last steamer, in charge of Major Cooke. The treaty stipulates that the Right of Search is to be given up by Great Britain, the United States undertaking to do all that it can to stop the slave trade under its flag. The Maine boundary line is disposed of thus:—the United States is to have the navigation of the river St. Johns to the sea; all that piece of land between our present Maine boundary line and the St. Johns river; so the city of Fredericton, the capital town of the Province of New Brunswick, the present seat of government of that Province. On the other hand the United States cedes to Great Britain all the territory to the north of the St. Johns. As far as we could learn, the treaty contains nothing in relation to the Oregon Territory, which is indefinitely postponed; but which will soon become as important an affair as the Maine boundary. We sincerely trust the treaty is signed. Next week we shall have more definite information.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

We copied a paragraph, a few weeks since, from one of our exchange papers, which stated, that "as a person named Meade, who lives in Amelia County, Va., was whipping one of his slaves with a strap, a few days ago, when a buckle upon the strap, struck him under the ear, causing instant death." A gentleman called upon us a few days since, requesting us to deny the rumor, inasmuch as nothing of the kind occurred at all. There is but one family of the name in the county, and the story must have been started in some of the papers by an enemy. We know of nothing more contemptible, than the petty malice, which could thus wantonly wound the feelings of a worthy family, and should think the Penitentiary too good a place for the scoundrel. We are happy to correct the error.

MEXICO.

A letter from Matamoras, dated June 4, published in the New Orleans Bulletin, states that Gen. Arista, commanding the Northern Army of Mexico, had resigned—no doubt on account of the despotic acts of the government. His successor is Gen. Ysidro Reyes, a man said to be incompetent to the station. The Mexican Army of the North consists of 5000 men scattered over many villages, so that Texas has very little to fear from an invasion.

THE PORPOISE ARRIVED.

The United States brig Porpoise attached to the Exploring Expedition, has arrived at New York. She was delayed two days off the coast by winds and calms. On the return of the Vincennes, we gave a general account of the transactions and discoveries of the Expedition, in all of whose labors the Porpoise shared in connexion with the other vessels. The Porpoise is last from Rio Janeiro, having returned from the East Indies by way of St. Helena. She has been about 3 years and 11 months, (4 years and three months in commission) has sailed the distance of 90,000 miles, sustaining no material injury or accident, and has lost but two of her crew by death, viz:—George Reynolds, ordinary seaman, 22d of August, 1839, off Isles of Disappointment, a dangerous archipelago, and David Bludget, quarter master, Nov. 9th, 1839, harbor of Pango Pango, Tootuilla Isle. The list of officers on board comprises Cadwallader Ringgold, Lieut. Com'dg; James Alden, 1st Lieut.; Wm. Maury, 2d do.; Jas. H. North, 3d do.; Geo. T. Sinclair, 4th do.; Wm. Reynolds, 5th do.; J. L. Fox, acting surgeon; J. P. Sanford, acting master; T. B. Freeman, sail maker; Jno. A. Frost, acting boatswain.

THE WEST INDIES.

We have dates from Kingston, Jamaica, to the 8th of June. The 7th of June was observed as a day of religious solemnities at Kingston, in memory of the terrible earthquake of 1692. The places of business were closed and all the churches were opened. The recent earthquake had very naturally disposed the minds of the people to solemn and devout contemplation. There was another riot, not of a very serious character, however, at Kingston, on the 31st of May, growing out of an attempt to arrest an escaped convict. A crowd gathered around and resisted the police, but they succeeded in securing their prisoner. The Despatch, noticing this affair, complains that the spirit of mobocracy is rapidly gaining ground, and calls for the severest punishment to repress it. There is nothing else that we can glean of importance from the newspapers.

DESTRUCTIVE ROCKETS.

Some extraordinary war rockets, of a new invention, were recently exhibited at an artillery review, held at Woolwich, England, in honor of the Austrian Count Mensdorf. A detachment of the rocket troop occupied a station at about 650 yards' distance, and the first discharge from ground rockets had a fine effect, entering the coal box through the representation of a ship's side 18 inches thick and the iron case, and setting the coals on fire within a few minutes. Such was the strength of the igniting material, that the engine from the arsenal was not able by the discharge of water from it to extinguish the flames, and it was found necessary to send to the barracks for another engine before the destructive element could be subdued.

FROM YUCATAN.

Intelligence to the 10th of June, has been received at New Orleans from Yucatan. Independence has not yet been declared, though the party who advocate it is fast gaining strength. On receiving the new propositions from Santa Ana, the people were more indignant than ever, and Congress passed a decree declaring them totally inadmissible, and insulting to the dignity and sovereignty of Yucatan. The extra session of Congress had adjourned, after passing some resolutions regarding the propositions of Santa Ana, and giving the Executive extraordinary powers in the event of an invasion from Mexico. Congress has also passed a law of taxation, styled 'Contribution of War,' to go into immediate operation.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

England—North Eastern Boundary—Riots in Ireland—France—Spain—Algiers—Russia—Syria—China—India—Miscellaneous News.

The steamship Caledonia, arrived at Boston on Tuesday morning, having left Liverpool on the 19th ult. She was detained by icebergs, of which she saw a large number, and also by a fog at Halifax. She brings intelligence fifteen days later than that before received. The news, however, is not very important.

England.

The state of the country is very nearly the same. Trade, of almost every description, continues very much depressed, without any change in the markets that could be looked upon as indicating a better state of things in prospect. The crops, however, throughout England, especially in the southern counties, are exceedingly promising.

The trial of the youth, John Francis, for high treason in shooting at the Queen, has taken place in the Central Criminal Court, London. He was found guilty on the second and third counts of the indictment charging him with having fired a pistol, loaded with some destructive substance, at her Majesty, the jury having a doubt that it contained a bullet, but believing that it was loaded with something else besides wadding and powder. The prisoner, who was dreadfully affected, was sentenced, in the usual form, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

It is rumored that the session of Parliament will close in July, and that there will be no further discussion on any important question. Of course the exact time of the adjournment of the House is not known, as that will depend upon the state of public business. The only question of any interest now to be discussed, is the Poor Law Bill, and that had already been commenced in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell has brought in his promised Bill for the Prevention of Bribery in Elections. The measure was received in the best spirit, and every disposition was shown to give it a full and calm consideration. The tariff has at length passed through committee.

North American Boundary.—Mr. D'Israeli has addressed the following letter to the London papers:—

Mr. Editor.—"The questions which I addressed to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on Wednesday night, with respect to the North American Boundary, refer to a subject of such paramount importance, and involve statements of so grave a character, that I feel I may be excused for adopting this step in order that their nature may be precisely ascertained by the nation whose interest and honor they concern.

I mentioned on that occasion that I had learned from an authentic quarter that the State of Maine had, by the invitation of the United States, appointed commissioners to assist in the negotiation with the British Government; that the propositions with which those commissioners were entrusted involved, on the side of Great Britain, as the basis of negotiation, a virtual surrender of title to the disputed territory—while they claimed on the side of Maine a negotiation of title to the navigation of the St. John, and asserted generally the principle of compensation to Maine for any portions of the disputed territory which might ultimately be accorded to great Britain.

I stated that the result of this arrangement would be much less advantageous to this country than the settlement by the King of the Netherlands under the convention of 1827. I stated also that it was the general understanding of the State of Maine, that these propositions would be acceded to by her Majesty's envoy extraordinary, the Governor of that State having officially communicated to the legislature that he had 'reason to believe' that they would be accepted, and that it was on that understanding ascertained, as I have grounds to suppose from previous communications between Governor Fairfield, Mr. Webster, and Lord Ashburton, that Maine had consented to the appointment of commissioners.

The questions which I addressed to Sir Robert Peel were these:—

'*1st.* Whether her Majesty's Government received information of these transactions?'

'*2d.* Whether her Majesty's Government had instituted any inquiry into the cause why the award of a sovereign arbiter settling the North American Boundary, and rendered according to the terms of a solemn convention, had been attempted to be set aside by the late Administration?'—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

B. D'Israeli."

State in Ireland.

Distress to a most fearful extent prevails throughout Ireland. From every part of that unhappy country, accounts reach us of the prevalence of famine among the peasantry. This has attained such a height that all regard for the right of property is fast disappearing, and the people assemble in hundreds openly to violate the laws. From a letter in the Dublin Pilot, dated Galway, June 14th, we make the following extract:

"Nothing can exceed the dreadful excitement here at present, in consequence of the high price of provisions. During the whole of yesterday, the town was perambulated by large bodies of fishermen, labourers, women and boys. There was scarcely a store in town, in which potatoes were thought to be kept, that was not broken open. The military and police were called out to check the people, but were obliged by overwhelming numbers to retreat to their respective barracks.

"The inhabitants were in constant apprehension that some of the unfortunate people's lives would be taken, as the commander of the military threatened several times to fire unless they desisted from flinging stones; but, though he held the Riot Act in his hand, he did not fulfil his threat, in consequence of the interference of several gentlemen of the town." A letter from Ennis, dated June 7th, gives an equally alarming account of the excitement at that place. The writer says:—"A mob, consisting of some thousands of persons, attacked the corn store and mill of the Messrs. Bannatyne this day, for the purpose of taking provisions out of them. The police force was called upon, and after the county inspector and sub-inspector were knocked down, and one of the policemen had an eye knocked out, the police fired, and it is reported that eighteen persons have been shot. Some one or two, it is said, lost their lives. At night the whole town was illuminated to celebrate the triumph of the destitute population. Though their conduct cannot be justified, still it must be admitted that they had considerable provocation, as potatoes were raised in the morning to the enormous price of eight pence per stone. The great majority, however, through want of employment, would be unable to purchase potatoes, were they even to be had at one penny per stone!" What awful destitution!

France.

The Journal des Debats announces the intended augmentation of the duties on linen yarn, in the most positive terms, adding that France will exempt Belgium from the effect of the measure.

The Moniteur contains a royal ordinance for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, the convocation of the electoral colleges for the 9th of July, and the convocation of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies for the 3d of August. A second ordinance enumerates the towns and cities in which the colleges are to assemble. The late chamber was elected in March, 1839, and would consequently have died a natural death a year hence. The session which commences on the third of August, will chiefly confine itself to the election of the definitive bureaux—that is, the president, four vice presidents, and four secretaries, and the verification of the election returns.

The Paris papers are mostly occupied with articles on the approaching elections, which, it was generally believed, would give a strong majority to ministers.

Spain.

Barcelona papers and letters of the 10th of June have been received at London by express. They state that the ministerial crisis had produced an extraordinary sensation in that city, and that numerous addresses were in course of signature in favor of the parliamentary coalition. The accounts, however, from Catalonia are satisfactory, although it is well known that considerable uneasiness continued to prevail throughout that province. Trade both in Barcelona and along the coast was completely paralyzed. The belief has been long current in the higher political circles of a new Christino-Carlist conspiracy against Espartero as Regent of Spain, but no direct proofs of it have as yet been obtained. Some light is now thrown on this subject by an important document which has been published in the London Evening Mail, being a note written by ex-Queen Maria Christina, residing at present in Paris, to her brother-in-law, Don Carlos, now a state prisoner in Bruges.

Algiers.

A Toulon paper states that by the last packet from Algeria, intelligence has been received of the reappearance of Abd-el-Kader in the province of Algiers. The active and enterprising Emir having left the bulk of his army at El-Bargannes, and Side-Emdarach, put himself at the head of 300 cavalry, with the intention of joining Ben Salem and Ben Saloud, and of attacking the French in the East. He is said to have already arrived at Fondouk. A despatch from Algiers, of the 10th ult., states that the Governor General arrived at Blidah on the 9th, where he was to be joined by the Oran and General Changarnier's divisions, and 3000 allied Arabs. The powerful tribe of Mousaia had recently made its submission.

Germany.

The Journal de Frankfort of the 10th of June contains the following from Schleitz, in the principality of Reuss-Schleitz, dated the 6th:

"A dreadful calamity occurred here yesterday. The ceiling of the theatre gave way during the performance, and some hundreds of persons were wounded and several killed. Others were suffocated in the rush to escape from the theatre. The number of deaths up to the present moment, is twenty-nine."

Russia.

According to our last accounts from Russia, the Council of War called together by the Emperor Nicholas had decided upon a plan of operations upon a very large scale against the hostile Circassian tribes. Prince Czernitscheff, the Russian Minister of War, is to have the supreme command during the next campaign, and for that purpose is already on his way to the Caucasus.

The Leipsic Gazette, of the 4th of June, states, from West Prussia, (Dantzic, May 30,)—"A report has been for some days in circulation in our neighborhood, of the discovery and suppression of a plot against the Emperor of Russia. The Senate of St. Petersburg is said to have conspired against the Emperor in consequence of the publication of the recent law for regulating the relations of the peasants to their lords, and fearful measures are said to have been attempted. Details are related with great precision and free from contradictions, but it is certain that a nucleus of truth lies in the horror-thrilling tale that has spread to us—of what weight must speedily be divulged."

Syria.

The difficulties in Syria, between the Druses and Christians, would seem to be far from being settled, notwithstanding the great and apparently sincere effort of the Turkish government to effect so desirable an end. The enmity between the opposing parties is of long standing, and at the last advices from Beyrout, strong apprehensions were felt that the war of extermination would again break out in all its revolting features of carnage and blood.

China.

The latest dates from Macao is 14th of March, 19 days later than that brought on the 31st of March to Bombay by the Island Queen. The news is perfectly unimportant, and amounts to little more than that the plenipotentiary remained at Hongkong, and had not made known the time of his departure for the north. The latest advices at Macao were from London 4th of November, Bombay and Madras 28th of December, and Calcutta 8th January. The forts along the Canton river were nearly finished, and part of them had been unmasked. A proclamation had been issued by the plenipotentiary. By this it is declared that Hongkong and Chusan will remain in the possession of England until all our demands are complied with by the Emperor; and that they shall be considered free ports, equally open to the ships of all nations. The Chinese inhabitants are invited to return and reside under British protection. Amoy is also to remain a free port in our possession for the present. Sufficient warning is to be given to permit all property to be removed from it, should it afterwards be resolved upon to restore it to China. No hostile movement towards Canton was, at the date of our letters, looked for, for some time to come. The forces with the expedition were in excellent health."

Overland Mail from India.

The India mail brings tidings of a chequered nature, of triumphs in the north, being the forcing of the Khyber Pass, the relief of Sale, and the gallant vengeance taken by that brave commander on Ukhbar Khan. In the south of the Affghan country, the picture is different. Ghuznee has fallen, with its regiment of sepoys. Col. Palmer, their commander, had been forced to capitulate. Gen. Nott, at Candahar, had hitherto gallantly resisted all attacks, and defeated the plans of the insurgents. But these, in turn, had successfully blocked up the passes between Candahar and Scinde, and General England, who endeavored to force these passes, was obliged to retreat, with loss, upon Quetah. The advance of Gen. England was made in ignorance of the determined hostility of the hill tribes. These passes, said to be so formidable, are so indeed to a regular army, marching with its baggage and artillery and magazines. But attacked by light troops, in sufficient numbers, even the Ghilzies can be driven from their fastnesses, as General Pollock has shown.

Miscellaneous.

In Africa a discovery has been made, not far from Boumioui, of an ancient bridge, spanning by a single arch the stream of the Oued-Herbiba, which has given rise to many speculations. It is in perfect preservation; and a comparison of the cement used in its construction with that found in the ruins of Hippona, is said to suggest an antiquity of not less than thirteen or fourteen centuries.

The most satisfactory feeling is evidenced in England on the favorable issue which seemingly awaits the long agitated question of the Northeastern Boundary. We believe it to be the earnest wish of all parties, having the well being of either country at heart, that every amicable feeling should continue, and that both should go on in mutual subservience for the good of each other.

The four Judges of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench are equally divided on the question as to the legality or illegality of mixed Presbyterian marriages; but one of them, Mr. Justice Perrin, has given way, *pro forma*, in order that an appeal may be made to the House of Lords.

Several severe shocks of an earthquake were felt in Italy the fore part of the month, extending also along the south of France. Mount Vesuvius was at the last accounts giving forth great quantities of smoke and flame.

The whole of Lord Ashburton's homestead, situated at Clapham, a romantic village about two miles distant from Bedford, together with twelve houses in the village, were recently totally destroyed by fire.

The famous Marquis of Waterford was married on the 3d ult. to the Hon. Miss Stuart, daughter of Lord Stuart Rothesay, with great pomp and ceremony.

Up to the 31st of May, the amount of contributions for the sufferers at Hamburgh, was about 1,943,000 pounds.

General News.

☞ Mr. B. Thornton, an estimable citizen, residing 5 miles below Ottawa, and formerly a resident of Pennsylvania, died on the afternoon of the 10th ult., under the following painful circumstances: On the evening of Sabbath previous, one of his sons, in driving a calf from before the door of the house, threw a chip at it, which glanced from the calf and struck Mr. T. on the wrist with such force as slightly to cut the skin. He shortly afterwards complained of pain in the wound, and on the next morning the wrist was found to be greatly inflamed. A physician was sent for immediately, and shortly afterwards another. Inflammation continuing, two other physicians were called in, but all their applications failed to afford relief. Mortification commenced before amputation was thought of, and the unfortunate sufferer breathed his last on the Friday following. His age was about 50, and he has left a wife and several children.

☞ We learn by the New Orleans papers, that in an affray which took place at Webber's Falls, Ark., between Capt. J. Bigelow and a half-breed Indian named Thompson, Captain B. was so severely wounded by a stab with a bowie knife, that he died soon after. Captain Bigelow kept a store where the difficulty originated, and while he was in the act of getting over the counter, the wound was inflicted—he drew a pistol, however, and shot Thompson, and would undoubtedly have killed him with the butt of the pistol, if other Indians had not interfered. Within eighteen months a brother of Captain B. lost his life there in the same way. Thompson, at the last accounts, was getting well. Col. Mason, commanding at Fort Gibson, had ordered all unemployed white men, (including sulky gamblers and other gentlemen of leisure,) to leave the Indian country forthwith, under severe penalties.

☞ A late number of the Polynesian, a paper published or recently published at the Sandwich Islands, estimates the number of Americans in those islands, including children, at nearly 600, which is more than the aggregate of all other foreigners. The amount of property held in the islands by these 600 Americans is estimated at $1,000,000. Besides this, a great amount of American property is constantly on the Islands, connected with the whale fishing. In the year 1840, according to the consular returns, $4,000,166 of American property touched at Tahete, in the Society Islands. The Polynesian mentions these and other facts as showing the importance of more frequent visits from our ships of war to those seas. It also recommends the establishment of an American Naval Depot at the Sandwich Islands.

☞ The body of Mr. Isaac Wyman was found buried about a mile from his residence, at Rahway, New Jersey, on Thursday morning. His feet was partly uncovered. He had received a shot between the eyes, and one in the Shoulder—supposed to have been fired from a double barrelled gun. Mr. W., had resided on his place about seven years, entirely alone. The supposed murderer, an Englishman, has been arrested. He had been prowling about Rahway some days, and talked of purchasing Mr. W.'s place. He was in possession of Mr. W.'s house, and milking his cows. Mr. Wyman was a bachelor, and about fifty years of age.

☞ On the 20th ult. Miss Mary Keen, an estimable young lady of Sumner, Me., was killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of a young man residing in the same family. She was standing with her back to the door, engaged in washing, when the young man took the gun, charged it, and was going out to shoot at a mark. Just as he reached the door it was discharged—in what manner is not known, as the young man, in the extremity of his agony, became frantically insane. The ball entered the neck at the left shoulder, and passed completely through. The young man is likely to recover.

☞ A trunk containing money and clothes to the amount of $200, was stolen from the stage coach of Messrs. Neil, Moore & Co. near Columbus, (O.) on the night of May 12th. The trunk was found next day in the field of Mr. Sullivan. Two old offenders recently from the Penitentiary, named James Wilson and Samuel Paris, have been arrested for the crime. The O. S. Republican mentions a fact creditable to the Ohio Stage Company, that not a single robbery has ever been committed on their routes that the robbers have not been detected and punished.

☞ Last week, a Mr. W. G. Robinson was attacked in a very furious manner, on the Reisterstown road, about ten miles from Baltimore, by a mad hog. The animal first caught at his leg, but fortunately missed its aim and seized the skirt of the saddle (Mr. R., being on horseback) to which it held with a firm grip until dragged several feet. After letting go this hold it followed Mr. Robinson, who rode at quite a fast gait, the distance probably of three miles. There can be no doubt of its having been laboring under the influence of hydrophobia, as it exhibited every symptom of that most dangerous and terrible disease.

☞ Princeton College is now in a very prosperous condition, the number of pupils having materially increased since the last session, and being classed as follows: Seniors, 41; Juniors, 83; Sophomores, 59; Freshmen, 21. The next annual commencement will be on the last Wednesday of September, when Samuel J. Wilkin, of New York, will deliver the Oration before the Alumni Association. On the preceding afternoon, James Iredell, of North Carolina, will deliver the oration before the Societies.

☞ The fertility of the West is almost incredible to us "dwellers along shore," here in the East. The prices of food are astonishingly low. Thus, in Indiana, butter is 4 cents a pound—eggs are so abundant, they can scarcely be given away—good fat beeves, 3 years old, are sold daily at $5 each—Flour $1 75 per cwt.—no old Wheat in market—Ginseng 20 cents. And, to crown all, honey of the finest quality can be had at 3 cents a pound. Oh! for the land of plenty.

☞ The Montreal Times mentions that the Canada timber trade is less flourishing than it has been for years. In ordinary seasons the spring fleet of vessels loaded with timber at Quebec exceeds five hundred, while this year scarcely one-fifth of that number have been loaded. The price has fallen full fifty per cent. below the rates of 1841, and the article is almost unsaleable. The amount of capital thus suddenly rendered unprofitable is enormous.

☞ A most singular worm has been found in Hartford county, Md., and deposited in the Baltimore Museum. It is very nearly three inches in length, and at night presents the very extraordinary spectacle of an entire luminous body, emitting sufficient light to peruse ordinary letters at the distance of five or six inches. Some people suppose it to be the ignus fatuus of swamps and marshes.

☞ The highest point of land in North America, East of the Rocky Mountains, is said by a cotemporary, to be Mount Mitchell, a peak of the Black Mountain in Buncombe County, North Carolina. It is six thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet high, by actual measurement. We have always considered Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, a higher peak.

☞ An article from Breslau, in the Globe, of Brussels, states, that a child, thirteen years of age, in the village of Breseradorf, who had been confined for the night in a cellar on a charge of theft, was killed by rats. In the morning she was found with all the flesh eaten from the head and legs. The magistrate, by whose orders she was confined in the cellar, has been arrested.

☞ In relation to the Life Insurance case at Buffalo, Mr. Edwin Thomas, of Albany, has published a card, giving the whole truth of the story. The young lady actually died of consumption; the insurance was effected by herself, and not by her father; the amount was 500 pounds, not 2000; and it was promptly paid by the insurance company.

☞ Mr. R. W. Redfield, formerly cashier of the Commercial Bank of New York, and who absconded with $56,000, has returned from England, and surrendered himself to the officers of the law, to undergo whatever trial may await him. After surrendering himself, he went to see his family, and then took up his quarters in the tombs.

☞ On the 11th ult., the body of a man perfectly naked, with a rope around the neck, was found in the Richelieu River in Canada, near St. Mathias. His person was shockingly mutilated, and both hands were tied. It is evident that he was most barbarously murdered. Yet no steps seem to have been taken to apprehend the murderer.

☞ The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser states that the quantity of whiskey received at that port last week, was less than in any week during 1841–40, or any similar period for several years. The receipts of the present season fall short of those to the corresponding date of last year, one thousand casks, or about sixteen per cent.

☞ The receipts on the Massachusetts Western Rail road are estimated for the present year at $621,617. This amount will pay the 5 per cent. interest on a four million loan, one per cent. to the sinking fund, six per cent. to the stockholders, and will meet all ordinary expenses for repairs. Pretty well for a dull year.

☞ For some years past great depredations have been committed on goods transported on the Erie Canal, from the boxes being broken open, and portions of their contents stolen. It is estimated that during the last four years upwards of $50,000 worth of goods have been abstracted in this manner.

☞ A young man, named David Dexter, was recently found dead in the woods in Roxbury, Vt. He left the house where he had been living for some time, in the night, and probably for some days wandered about the woods and was not found until four weeks after. His hat and clothing were found at some distance from his body. He is supposed to have committed suicide in a fit of mental derangement.

☞ A gentleman named Roosevelt, a merchant of New York, was drowned near West Point, on Saturday evening, by falling overboard from the steamboat. He was about paying a visit to his father at Poughkeepsie, to spend the Fourth of July.

☞ According to the Revised Statutes of New York, Col. Webb is liable to an imprisonment in the penitentiary not exceeding seven years, for fighting the duel with Mr. Marshall. His second, Major Morell, is equally liable with the Colonel.

☞ From a communication from the State Department, it appears that the weight of the census documents to be distributed to the States and Territories will be *seventy-eight tons.* The cost of transportation is estimated at $9000.

☞ It has been decided by one of the Courts at least, that Bankrupts must pay postage. This is a just decision, for it is the height of injustice that the creditors should be taxed for postage, when they are compelled to lose their debts.

☞ The great cloth case, between Mr. F. Blackburn of Philadelphia, and Jesse Hoyt late Collector of New York, has been decided against the latter. The case occupied several days. The jury was out only sixteen minutes.

☞ A brother of the Governor of Pennsylvania, died suddenly a few days since in Indiana. He was upwards of seventy years of age. He was a Judge, but had not officiated in a judicial capacity for many years.

☞ The Thomaston Recorder states that the venerable John Quincy Adams will deliver the oration before the "Phi Beta Kappa Society," of Bowdoin College, at the annual commencement in September.

☞ Thomas Wetmough, an Englishman, aged 40, and Thomas Quagan, a native of Ireland, aged 23, were accidentally drowned in the harbor of New York on Sunday morning, by the upsetting of a boat.

☞ On Friday, a daughter of Mr. Joseph Meeker, of Union township, Essex county, N. J., about 17 years of age, was instantly killed by lightning, which struck the house, during the severe shower.

☞ The Chambersburg (Franklin county, Pa.) Whig states that the surplus products of that county the present year—those which can be spared for market—are estimated at one million of dollars.

☞ A stable attached to the tavern occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in Roxbury, Mass., was burnt on Friday night, with ten horses. A man was arrested on suspicion of being the incendiary.

☞ Early harvest apples, perfectly ripe and of excellent quality, were selling at Cincinnati a few days since, at fifty cents a bushel. Early corn, large and well filled, was sold at 18 cents a dozen.

☞ The price of board at Congress Hall, Saratoga, has been reduced from twelve to seven dollars per week, that, too, without the least infringement upon the delicacies that crowd the table.

☞ The British Government has ordered the steamship Avon, Capt. W. F. W. Owen, to the Bay of Fundy, for the purpose of making a thorough survey of its coasts, harbors, &c.

☞ The General Council of the City of New Orleans have passed an ordinance levying a tax of $4000 per annum on every person doing business as money broker in that city.

☞ Governor Porter has respited the young man named James Rice, under sentence of death in Bedford County, from the 17th of June, to Friday the 2nd of next September.

☞ The Council of the Second Municipality of New Orleans has passed an ordinance imposing wharfage dues on all articles landed or shipped within its limits.

☞ The editor of the Savannah Republican has been presented with a water-melon weighing 39½ pounds, and as delicious as it was large. He's a lucky dog.

☞ Mr. Christian McNarnee, on his way from Boston to Brighton, was knocked down on the night of the 20th, and robbed by two villains who were armed.

☞ A large grey eagle was shot a few days since, in Bloomfield, Ct., which measured from tip to tip of its wings, seven feet and three inches.

☞ At Cincinnati on the 29th ult., the steamboats Commodore and Virginian lying at the Fulton ship-yard were both destroyed by fire.

☞ Mr. Levi Briggs was recently crushed to death beneath the wheels of his wagon, loaded with iron ore at Dover, Ohio.

☞ There have been 756 applications in the State of Illinois, thus far for the benefits of the Bankrupt Law.

☞ About two million acres of western land are to be sold in August next, without redemption, for taxes.

☞ House rents have not been so high in Boston for twenty years as they are at the present time.

☞ Large icebergs have been passed as late as the 20th ult., in lat. 46, lon. 46.

Local Intelligence.

☞ George Munday, well known to our citizens as an itinerant preacher, having collected about $30, judiciously laid it out in refreshments, and on Monday indulged the poor children at the Alms House with an opportunity of keeping the National Holiday in gladness and festivity. Munday's *happy* feelings were worth enjoying during the continuance of the little feast. He is not so bad as some folks think him. Certainly we have heard licensed ministers make use of denunciations quite as intemperate as those attributed to George.

☞ The shipments of bread stuffs from this port to foreign ports during the week ending the 30th ult. exclusive of shipments coastwise, were 11,700 bbls. of Flour, 1520 of Rye Flour, 1537 bbls. and 45 hhds. of Corn Meal, 11,724 bushels of Wheat, 3650 of Corn, and 1268 bbls. of ship bread; the value of which exceeds $100,000. For a dull period of the year, this is a pretty fair week's work. Of other articles the exports were about $30,000.

☞ The noble old Buttonwoods, in front of the Pennsylvania Hospital, are fast recovering their foliage, which has been more than quadrupled within a few days. The leaves are not few nor far between, and they are as green as the livery of the linden. The philosophic Keravan, —says the U. S. Gazette,—like Menenius, (both of the school of Democritus,) is "ever right." It was the frost.

☞ On Sunday, Robert Little, living near Schuylkill Eighth and Vine streets, very narrowly escaped a melancholy death from the effects of tincture of stramonium, which he swallowed in mistake for lavender. Dr. Dietrich, of Spring Garden, was immediately called in, and by his persevering application of proper medicines, restored him, so as to render his entire recovery certain.

☞ Some sacrilegious villains have been engaged in stealing a number of the chains enclosing the burial lots in the Philanthropic Burial Ground, near the Moyamensing Prison. A part of the chain was found at an old iron dealers, and the crime traced to an old convict, William Patton, who has been committed.

☞ The steamboat Rainbow, the fastest craft on the Delaware, broke one of her engines on her passage to Cape May on the 4th. She was near the Pea Patch at the time, and transferred her passengers to the Ohio. She succeeded in reaching the city on her return, a little after nine o'clock.

☞ At the election for Major General of the First Division, Pennsylvania Militia, held on Monday, Major General Patterson was re-elected, notwithstanding a factious opposition, which the Germantown Telegraph declares its intention very properly to expose.

☞ A child of about five years of age, fell into the dock at Spruce street wharf on Saturday evening. The occurrence was seen by Mr. Henry Johnson, who immediately jumped in and saved the little sufferer.

☞ A bill has passed the House at Harrisburg, suspending the work upon the new Insane Asylum ordered to be built on the Schuylkill below Bastram's Garden. The want of the funds is the reason.

☞ All the hands at the Globe Mills, Kensington, have been discharged. The manufacturers of Reading, Manayunk and other places are being forced to follow the same example.

☞ The brig J. Cohen, Jr., is loading at this port with frame buildings for St. Domingo, to replace some of those destroyed by the late earthquake.

☞ The United States Bank building was not sold by the Sheriff, as was publicly advertised. The case has been settled, and the suit was withdrawn.

☞ The Bolivar steamboat carried 3000 persons to Bristol and Burlington on Monday last.

☞ On Monday last more than 3000 persons visited Gloucester and Greenwich Points.

☞ A company of U. S. Marines arrived here on Tuesday from New York.

☞ George Guier, Esq., has been elected Notary of the Mechanics' Bank.

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The return of the anniversary of our National Independence has carried our thoughts naturally back to the old revolutionary times, and our eye happening to light on some statistics prepared by the editor of the Savannah Georgian, we have thought it would not be amiss to refresh the memories of our readers therewith, the more especially as one or two additional facts occur to us with which we can swell the list. There is nothing like this recurrence to old times. By teaching us how hardly our liberties were won, it incites us to redoubled exertions for their preservation.

The estimated expense of the Revolutionary war, in specie, was over 135 millions of dollars. To meet this immense charge, Congress issued from 1776 to 1781 $357,476,541, of continental or paper money, which, during that time, depreciated nearly two thirds of its value. In addition to this, Congress obtained loans from France and Holland; from the former, of twenty-one thousand livres or 3,878,876 dollars; and from the latter of 22 millions of livres or 4,074,073 dollars. The first loan was in 1778 the last in 1783.

The first President of the old Congress was Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, chosen September 5th, 1774. The last, was also a Virginian, Cyrus Griffin, elected January 22, 1788. The oldest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was Benjamin Franklin, who was then seventy. The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was but twenty-seven. Thomas Lynch, from South Carolina, was also but twenty-seven. The average age of the signers, leaving out three whose ages are not known, is a fraction short of 44, showing that as a body, they were not so young as to be impetuous, and carried away by the ardent feelings of youth; nor yet so old as to be obstinate and inert; but in that prime and vigorous manhood when the balance of the physical and mental powers is best sustained, and when the mind is fully matured by experience, and disciplined by study. Twenty-one of the fifty-six, lived quarter of a century after the 4th of July, 1776. Three of them survived to a full half century from that date. Of the noble patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, 9 were born in Massachusetts; 6 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in New York; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales. Twenty-one were attornies, 10 merchants, 4 physicians, 3 farmers, 1 clergyman, 1 printer, and 16 were men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 of New Jersey, 2 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, (Eng.) 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of St. Omer. At the times of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age; 7 between 80 and 90; 11 between 70 and 80; 12 between 60 and 70; 11 between fifty-nine and sixty; 7 between forty and fifty; one died at the age of twenty seven. Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, was the first who died after the declaration, at the age of 45. Charles Carroll was the last of that illustrious band, and died in 1832, we believe, aged 96. The following anecdote respecting this gentleman is not generally known. In 1826, after all the signers except Carroll had died, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor, and obtain from him for deposite in the public hall of the city a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself, in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2d day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my county may be perpetuated to remotest posterity, and extended to the whole family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.

"August 2, 1826."

The number of continental troops and militia furnished by the several states during the nine years of the contest, from 1775 to 1783 inclusive, was as follows.

	Continentals.	Militia.	Total tr'ps in the Rev.
New Hampshire,	17,496	2,093	19,589
Massachusetts,	68,007	16,155	84,162
Rhode Island,	5,908	4,284	10,192
Connecticut,	34,039	7,782	41,821
New York,	17,341	3,314	20,655
Pennsylvania,	25,608	7,357	32,965
New Jersey,	10,736	6,055	16,791
Delaware,	2,319	376	2,695
Maryland,	12,912	4,127	17,039
Virginia,	26,668	5,000	32,268
North Carolina,	7,263		7,263
South Carolina,	6,417		6,417
Georgia,	2,679		2,679

The *first* State Constitutions were adopted by the following Colonies, before the Declaration of Independence:—New Hampshire, South Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, in 1776.

The remainder of the "Old Thirteen," adopted their Constitutions as follows after the Declaration:—Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, 1776; New York, 1777; Massachusetts, 1780; Vermont, 1786.

The Constitution of the United States was adopted by the Convention of which George Washington was President on the 17th of September, 1787. It was ratified by Congress July 14th, 1788, and went into operation on the first Wednesday of March, 1789. It was adopted by the several States in the following order and time; the assent of nine States was required before the adoption by Congress. Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, in 1787; Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, in 1788; North Carolina, 1789; Rhode Island, 1790; Vermont, 1791.

There are many other of the leading facts connected with the Revolution, which it would be well to republish from time to time. But enough for the present.

EFFECTS OF VACCINATION.

The annual report for 1840, of vaccinations in France, gives us additional evidence in favor of the views heretofore expressed in this journal respecting the efficacy of the vaccine matter. Of 45,060 vaccinations, the results of which were mentioned, 881 failed. In two cases, there was a general eruption of pustules over the body, the fluid from which produced regular vaccinia.

Epidemic variola attacked 14,470 persons, of whom 1660 died; in 34 cases small-pox occurred a second time, and three of those thus attacked died. The great majority of persons, whether recently or for a long time vaccinated, escaped epidemic small-pox; some had modified small-pox, which was generally mild and of short duration. Of 406 persons attacked after vaccination, only 6 died. Revaccination was performed in 2214 cases; 1704 failures; 237 false vaccinia; 270 secondary cow-pox, apparently regular; 3 persons who had been successfully revaccinated were attacked with varioloid. The average cost of vaccinating each infant during the year 1840 was *threepence halfpenny*.

The following are the conclusions of the report:—*Firstly*—The regular vaccine is a preservative against small-pox; the protection, however, is not absolute; for a small number of those vaccinated are subject to an eruption commonly known under the name of varioloid. *Secondly*—The latter disease is generally mild, and free from danger; it destroys one patient in 100, while the mortality of small-pox was 1 in 6. *Thirdly*—A first vaccination destroys the tendency to a second attack of vaccinia as well as of small-pox; still, in some persons, the aptitude to receive the disease returns after a longer or shorter period. Again, certain persons who have had small-pox may contract a regular vaccine, but this does not prove that they are apt to have small-pox again.—*Fourthly*—The most perfect revaccination does not guarantee the individual against having a varioloid at some future time. *Fifthly*—In general small-pox attacks persons only once: but some may have it a second time, and the second attack is just as severe as the first one.

LAPLACE.

A new edition of the works of this great French astronomer, as we learn from the correspondent of the National Intelligencer, is shortly to be published at Paris, under the supervision of the government, which has appropriated forty thousand francs for the undertaking. Of the three magnificent productions of Laplace, the *Analytical Theory of Probabilities* is entirely out of print; the *Méchanique Céleste and the Exposition of the System of the World* nearly so. Credit is due to the Minister of Public Instruction for the idea of a Government new edition, by which the family of the illustrious author is relieved from the heavy expense which it was about to incur. Arago was chosen to draw up a report on the subject; a task he has nobly fulfilled. As the *Méchanique Céleste* was no longer to be purchased in the original, the apprehension was entertained, says his report, that the seeker would be obliged to procure at Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, the English translation of the able geometrician Bowditch. The buyer who understood English, would have acquired what is even more valuable than the original. The thousand copies of each of the three works, to be now printed with all editorial and typographical care, will be distributed thus: seven hundred among the booksellers, for sale *at cost*, and three hundred among domestic libraries and scientific schools and the principal foreign academies. The fame of Laplace is second only to that of Newton. The latter supposed that the planetary system did not contain within itself the faculty or elements of indefinite preservation; he believed that a powerful and sustaining hand must from time to time interpose to restore order and security. Euler would not admit that the solar system was so constituted as to endure eternally. Never was higher philosophical problem offered to the curiosity of man. Laplace, with characteristic intrepidity, perseverance, and scientific illumination, solved it in the affirmative. He solved the great and celebrated problem of the parallax. The extent and methods of his discoveries, by analytical science, are compendiously and lucidly exhibited in the late report of Arago on the subject of reprints of Laplace's works. In the seclusion of his study, Laplace foresaw and minutely announced what the able astronomer of Windsor, Herschel, was to decry by the aid of one of the largest telescopes ever constructed. So with the phenomena of the planet Saturn. The true theory of the tides, of incalculable practical benefits, was the achievement of the same prodigious geometrician. He perfected the tables of the moon, and thus rendered immense service to the rapidity of maritime communication and the preservation of life. He solved the problem of the longitudes more completely than the world ventured to expect in a scientific point of view, and with more precision than the extremest nautical art required.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS ABROAD.

A private letter from Italy says that the American Sculptors there are held in the highest estimation, and that their reputation is daily increasing. As an evidence of the light in which their skill is held, we may mention, that while Greenough, Powers, and Clavenger charge $500 a bust, and are crowded with business, the native artists ask only $150, and, even at that price, cannot compete with our countrymen. The nude statue of Eve, to be executed by Mr. Power, though as yet only in clay, is spoken of as one of the first productions of the age. A copy in plaster, is to be sent to the Boston Athenæum. With sculptors such as these, and painters like Page, Huntingdon, and others, we may well feel proud of American genius, as displayed in the fine arts.

A BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.

There has lately been brought into use, at Paris, a new and beautiful style of ornamenting marbles. It consists in etching, by acids, deeply into the marble, various designs upon a properly prepared bituminous ground. When the corrosion has gone sufficiently deep, the cavities are filled up with hard colored wax, prepared so as to take a polish equal to that of the marble when cleaned off. Drawings thus made on black marble, and filled in with scarlet wax, after the manner of Etruscan and certain Egyptian designs, are said to have a very noble effect, and are applied to tables, panelling, stoves, &c. The invention is worthy of the attention of persons at home.

Notices of New Works.

The Burney Papers,—Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay,—*Edited by her Niece,—Parts I. II. and III.—Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*—Since the publication of Boswell's Life of Johnson, no work has appeared, so interesting in its way, as this Diary of Madame D'Arblay. The lady in question was the most popular female novelist in England during the last century,—and even now her works are read with an avidity which is not solely attributable to the information they convey respecting the manners of the age which saw a Burke among statesmen, a Sheridan among wits, a Fox among orators, and a Duchess of Devonshire among beauties. "Evelina," especially, is a charming novel; and when we consider the age at which Miss Burney wrote it, and her previous seclusion from the world, we are astonished at the truth and nervousness with which the characters are drawn. The heroine is, indeed, only a counterpart to the fair author, but there are sufficient other well-drawn personages in the book, not only to defend Miss Burney from the ill-natured criticisms of which some of the press has lately been guilty, but to establish her reputation as the most skilful limner of character with the exception of Miss Edgeworth, her sex has ever produced in England. "Cecilia," is also a novel of great merit. The circumstances under which Miss Burney first came before the public—her shrinking modesty and her triumphant success no doubt added *eclat* to her romances at the time, but they cannot warp the judgment of impartial criticism at this late day.

Miss Burney, immediately upon her appearance as an author, began a diary, originally written for the perusal of an absent sister, but which has now, after the lapse of half a century, been given to the public. This daily record of her life, embodying as it does her impressions and feelings as they were written down at the time, comes to us with a truthfulness that is delightful. The style of the writer is free, graphic, easy, unaffected, and full of spirit. In reading the book we feel as if we had personally known the author of "Evelina"—and her small figure, excessive modesty, fine wit, and somewhat prudish notions come up before us in all their freshness. As soon as it became known who the writer of "Evelina" was, her society began to be courted by the distinguished of every sex. The age was one when the only really good novels were those of Fielding and Smollet, romances too coarse for the approval of virtue. We except Richardson because his prolixity has always narrowed his circle of readers. The novels of a young and delicate female, evincing as they did the utmost purity of thought, became at once universally popular. Mrs. Thrale sought out her acquaintance. Dr. Johnson called her "his pet." Burke did not disdain her acquaintance, and Sir Joshua Reynolds courted her society with a marked attention which afforded much pleasantry at Streatham Court. Her introductions to these distinguished characters—their personal appearance, manners and conversation are all narrated in Miss Burney's diary with a *naivete* that is perfectly bewitching. We seem to be personally in the presence of these celebrated individuals—to hear Johnson dogmatize from his corner, to see Sir Joshua handle his ear trumpet, to share Miss Burney's agitation on her first interview with Burke. Works like this are but too rare in our language. We have solemn histories to our heart's content; but where, except in these volumes, have we anything approaching to those charming memoirs which abound in the French language, and to peruse which is well worth the trouble of learning that fanciful tongue?

After the death of Dr. Johnson, and the second marriage of Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney became the intimate of a very different circle. She had long been acquainted with Mrs. Delany, a *bel esprit* of George the First's reign, and when that lady became a guest in the Royal Lodge at Windsor, Miss Burney had frequent opportunities of meeting the King and his consort in private. The Queen, whose strictures was remarkable, had been favorably inclined to our diarist by reading her novels, and she was now more than ever pleased with the fair author of "Evelina." An honorable vacancy in the royal household becoming vacant, her majesty offered the place to Miss Burney, and, after some hesitation, the gift was accepted. A total change in the life of the diarist now occurs. We are introduced behind the curtain, and made personally acquainted with most of the royal family, not as they appeared in public, but as they lived in the seclusion of Windsor or Kew. It is true Miss Burney may be regarded as a partial, because a grateful writer; but making every allowance for her prejudices, she paints the Queen to us, in a far different light, from that in which the savage portrait of her majesty, as drawn by the caustic Lord Brougham, had taught us to regard her. The office of Miss Burney was not, however, without its little inconveniences and now and then trials. Some notion of what the equerries as well as herself had to endure may be gathered from the following extract. The passage will also give a favorable idea of the style of the diarist. Colonel Goldsworthy, the speaker, is equerry to the King.

"'How do you like it, ma'am?' says Colonel Goldsworthy to me, 'though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them! Running along in these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs! Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man-of-war: And there you'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! you'll get fairly sick in three days, take my word for that.' I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me. 'Oh ma'am, there's no help for it!' cried he; 'you won't have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and-a-half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equerries do! It's a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another, as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from the garden door downstairs; then a third, as you turn the corner to enter the passage; then you come plump upon another from the hall door; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage; then, just as you turn towards the Queen's room, comes another; and last a whiff from the King's stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off!' 'Mere healthy breezes,' I cried, and assured him I did not fear them. 'Stay till Christmas,' cried he, with a threatening air, 'only stay till then, and let's see what you'll say to them; you'll be laid up as sure as fate! you may take my word for that. One thing, however, pray let me caution you about—don't go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you! Oh, ma'am, you know nothing yet of all these matters!—only pray, joking apart, let me have the honor just to advise you this one thing, or else it's all over with you, I do assure you!' It was in vain I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies: he failed not, every night, to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations. 'When the Princesses,' cried he, 'used to it as they are, get regularly sick, ma'am, before this business is over, off they drop, one by one:—first the Queen deserts us; then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then the Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles: till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!' One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the King, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P—— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever by relating his hardships. 'After all the labors,' cried he, 'of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favor ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration,—and—and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honor! that's my old comfort! Well, after all this, fagging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and after all this, what do you think follows! 'Here Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty: so up I comes to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes; 'Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still expecting something a little comfortable. I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say,' he cries, 'will you have a little barley water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket truly!—barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley water after a whole day's hard hunting!' 'And pray did you drink it?' 'I drink it?—Drink barley water! no, no; not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that!—And, 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley water!' 'And did the King drink it himself?' 'Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the King!—Barley water, quoth I!—Ha! ha! —a fine treat truly!—Heaven defend me! I'm not come to that, neither! bad enough too, but not so bad as that.'"

There is a further extract on the last page of our paper to-day, which is characterized by equal vivacity. Anecdotes abound in these pages, diversified by continual glimpses of character, and enlivened throughout by a playfulness and humor which are all the author's own. No better biography of Miss Burney is needed than her diary. Her character becomes more and more apparent on every page, and, if we could meet her to-day, we should know her among a thousand. We fancy we see her now taking down the books in the library at Oxford, or retreating backwards, by stealthy stages, from the King's presence. We mark the very air which her countenance assumes when she is timidly giving the Queen the verses on the "Great Coat," and we can forgive the harmless vanity which induced her to transcribe such insipid stuff into her diary. In short, we behold Miss Burney as she was, with her many virtues, and all her faults. She was a woman and an author. Need we say more?

The third part of these interesting papers leaves Miss Burney still at Windsor. The transactions at the palace, when historical personages do not appear, are less spicy than the records of her earlier life, when she shared the society of Johnson, Sheridan, Lady Wortley Montague and others. Still the volume is always interesting, and to an enquirer into the manners and personages of that age, instructive.

The Democratic Review, *for July*, makes its appearance with new type, and in double columns, after the style of Blackwood. The political articles of this Magazine are, as a matter of course, devoted to the interests of the Democratic Party, but they are generally written with ability, and may be regarded as the exponents of the views of the leading men of that side. The literary articles, which always occupy at least half the number, are interesting, and well written. The two articles with which we have been most pleased this month are those on "The Gipsies," and "The Countess Emily Plater." This Polish heroine was a second Joan d'Arc, and her history is a romance of the most thrilling interest. Her life, which has just been published by a young Pole, and the edition of which is already exhausted, would bear reprinting with profit, and we hope soon to see the undertaking begun. This number of the Review is ornamented with a portrait on steel of the late Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. *Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

Forest Life—*By the Author of a "New Home." In two volumes.—New York—S. C. Francis & Co. 252 Broadway.*—The author of these volumes is favorably known to the public by a work entitled "New Home," which abounded with incidents of Western life, graphically and poetically detailed. The modes and habits of our brethren beyond the mountains never found a better limner than in Mrs. "Mary Clavers," the *nomme de guerre* which this charming writer assumed. The present work is a continuation of the former one, and, if possible, superior to its predecessor. Humor, picturesque description, a fine choice of language, and here and there pathetic passages of great power will ensure for "Forest Life" a run not rarely attained by a work in these degenerate days. The volumes are beautifully got up and may be had in this city at Carey and Hart's.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, *July*, 1842.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This celebrated medical journal has been on our table for some days, but we have not yet found leisure to peruse the contents of the number. From the known ability of the editor, however, and the high reputation of the work which he has to maintain, we have no doubt that this quarterly number is inferior to none of its predecessors. The articles appear to be even more numerous than usual. The summary of the improvements and discoveries in the Medical Sciences is full and interesting. The high reputation which this work enjoys both here and in England is the best proof of its worth. No medical practitioner can keep pace with the improvements in the science, without a frequent reference to this or some other journal of like character.

A History of the Republic of Rome, *with a brief account of its Provinces, and of the Religion and Philosophy of the Romans, also, a chronological appendix, by W. J. Bakewell, 1 vol. Pittsburg. C. H. Kay & Co.* A very meritorious volume, which we can commend to our readers. The title admirably sets forth the scope of the work. The author has well fulfilled his design, and given us one of the most valuable as well as interesting books of its class which has come under our notice. The history of the religion and philosophy of the Romans, particularly recommends the volume, the more especially since most writers for schools disregard everything except barren chronicles, totally placing out of sight, the moral, intellectual, and religious history of a people. The work may be had of Carey & Hart. It deserves a liberal patronage.

The Knickerbocker, *for July*.—Old Knick comes before us this month fresh as a bath at morning. There are several excellent articles on his pages for July. We have continuations of "The Quod Correspondence," and "Henry Alford and his Play-Fellow," the latter illustrated by an embellishment, which is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The "Opium Eater," is an interesting and true narrative, which we commend to every reader. Mrs. J. Webb has furnished a pleasing tale, entitled "The Hermit of Cotara." We think we recognize in "Snarly-Head, the Amateur Politician," the style and humor of one not unknown to us, or to fame. The poetry of the number is less meritorious than on other occasions. But the Editor's Table is, as usual, racy, gay and humorous. *Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

The Mother's Assistant, *July*, 1842.—We have often spoke in terms of praise respecting this meritorious periodical. The present number deserves all that has been said of its predecessors. The articles are selected with care, varied with considerable tact. We notice especially some excellent remarks on teachers in Sunday Schools. *J. Z. DeHaven, Agent, 427 Chesnut Street.*

The Butchers of Ghent; or El Maestro del Campo.—This is a novel translated from the French of Felix Borguet, and republished by W. F. Burgess, No. 3 Ledger Buildings, for the incredibly low price of 12½ cents. The novel is a historical one, and describes the state of Holland at the period when the Duke of Alva was endeavoring to subjugate the Netherlands. We prophecy that few will read it without being carried away by its thrilling incidents. The work is illustrated with spirited wood-cuts.

The Army and Navy.

☞ The Naval Board of Examination, convened in Philadelphia on the 13th inst., has closed its proceedings, and reported them to the Department. The following is the list of the Midshipmen who passed in the order of rank assigned them by the Board, after a careful examination of their several qualifications:

1. Thomas M. Crossan,
2. Thomas Holdup Stevens,
3. Charles Sinkler,
4. Catesby Ap Roger Jones,
5. James L. Blair,
6. Thomas H. Patterson,
7. Francis K. Murray,
8. Silas Bent,
9. John C. Howell,
10. Edward Higgins,
11. Wm. Elias Boudinot,
12. Van Rensselaer Morgan,
13. Madison Rush,
14. Daniel Ammen,
15. Henry Rolando,
16. Andrew Weir,
17. John S. Taylor,
18. Isaac N. Morris,
19. John Brooke,
20. John H. Brown,
21. Ed. Fitzgerald Beale,
22. Francis Alexander,
23. William C. Bolton S Porter,
24. Chas. R. Smith,
25. Ed. Tatnall Nichols,
26. Thos. L. Kinloch,
27. John P. Decatur,
28. Hambleton F. Porter,
29. Edward L. Windsor,
30. John K. Duer,
31. Henry A. Clemson,
32. Richard Allison,
33. James W. Ripley,
34. Israel C. Wait,
35. John H. Parker,
36. Wm. B. Muse,
37. Geo. W. Rodgers.

☞ Lieut. Levi P. Davidson, of the U. S. Army, died at Saratoga, on the 27th ult. He was a brother of the late Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, whose poems are familiar to the public, and whose lives and premature deaths are memorable in American literary history. Lieut. Davidson graduated at West Point in 1837, with high honor, and has since served in the West, in the First Regiment of Dragoons. The climate and hardships overcame his constitution, and he returned to his native village of Saratoga to die in the 26th year of his age. He is eulogized by those who knew him as rich in the best virtues of the man and the citizen.

☞ A large company of United States Light Artillery—last from Buffalo, whence they travelled by land—has arrived at Fort McHenry, Baltimore. In connexion with the company which has been stationed for some time past at the Fort, they will form the permanent garrison at that post.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy states in a public document, that between the 1st of May and the 10th of June, fifteen hundred and twenty-eight workmen were discharged from the different Navy Yards. 426 from Norfolk, 353 from Brooklyn, and 444! from the one in this city.

☞ There is no money in the hands of the Agents for paying either the Navy or Army Pensioners, and there will be none, until Congress shall pass the Navy and Army Appropriation Bill.

☞ The U. S. brig Apprentice sailed from Dartmouth, 30th, ult., on a cruise. U. S. schr. Grampus, Commander Van Brunt, was spoken 6th ult., off Berry Island, all well.

Political Intelligence.

☞ We notice a statement, in a neutral journal, to the effect that, while the revenue of the nation has been reduced, the expense of collecting it in various departments has greatly increased. In 1829 it appears there were 199 officers in the Custom-house, New York; the amount of revenue collected at that port in that year was $13,052,676. In 1838 there were 487 officers at the same place, and the revenue collected was $10,494,055. In 1840 the number of officers was 470, and the revenue collected was $7,557,441. A great disproportion exists, likewise, in some of the departments at Washington. In 1835, the income from the sales of public lands was $15,000,000; the expenses for clerk hire in the Land Office that year was $23,500. In 1836 these expenses were increased to $108,750; in 1840 the receipts from sales was $2,800,000; in 1841 $1,400,000; in each year the expenses were $98,500. Can this increase of expenses have arisen from the wish to reward an additional number of partisans, or was it the result of a desire to facilitate business?

☞ The New York Court of Errors decided unanimously in favor of the Whigs elected to the Common Council, confirming the decision of the Supreme Court, granting a Mandamus to compel the Mayor to swear in the Whig officers.

☞ The St. Louis Republican says that Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, will disregard the law of Congress requiring the State to be laid off in single districts for electing members of Congress.

☞ A whig convention has just been held in Maine, at which Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency, and Edward Robinson, as a candidate for Governor of that State.

☞ Gov. Pennington has tendered the appointment of U. S. Senator, from New Jersey, to the Hon. William L. Dayton. Judge Dayton has accepted the appointment.

Financial News.

☞ The Journal of Commerce says that, notwithstanding the hue and cry raised against the States, they are not yet *all* broken. The July interest on the debt of Alabama has been provided for, and a million of the principal, being sterling bonds payable in London. The interest on the debt of Tennessee is provided for in Philadelphia. Louisiana pays promptly. Kentucky has funds in the Bank of America for her interest. The Ohio interest will be paid by the Ohio Trust Co.—Maryland and Virginia both pay according to contract. Of Maine, Massachusetts, New York, South Carolina and Georgia it is unnecessary to speak.

☞ The law of Maryland, taxing each broker $3000 for a license, went into operation on the 1st of this month. All the brokers in Baltimore have determined to abandon the business until the constitutionality of the law can be tested before the proper tribunal, and that means will be taken to bring the matter into court as speedily as possible. As much of the currency of that city is in foreign bank notes, which heretofore were convertible into specie at the Brokers' Offices, the citizens will suffer considerable inconveniences from the closing of those shops.

☞ A number of petitions have been presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature, for a passage of a law to compel the Tide Water Canal Company to receive their notes in payment of tolls. It is estimated that more than $100,000 of these notes are held by the citizens of Pennsylvania along the line of her improvements, and they now desire to have a law passed to compel, if possible, the company to redeem them according to the promise upon their face.

☞ The Bank of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the 24th ult., passed a resolution not to receive any thing but specie or its equivalent. This discredited the notes of the Shawneetown Bank, and was the cause of further excitement in St. Louis, and added to the pecuniary difficulties of that city.

☞ The Madisonian of Saturday last says, "we are authorized to state that the interest upon all Treasury notes which may be held or presented for payment in this city, will be duly honored at the Bank of the Metropolis."

☞ A letter from the South says that the Banks of Alabama are about to make energetic efforts to raise the character of their bills. We hope so.

☞ In New York money is very abundant, and first rate paper is in demand from 6 to 7 per cent. interest per annum.

☞ Treasury Notes, which are scarce in New York, are selling at par or a slight premium.

☞ The Banks of Tennessee were to have resumed on the 1st of the present month.

☞ Treasury Notes outstanding on the 1st of July, $9,077,066.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The christian and philanthropic societies of France are annually increasing in usefulness. We have before us the reports read at the late anniversaries, from which we gather the following facts. *The Evangelical Society*—the receipts of this institution have been 129,740 francs,—expenditures, 124,705. In these receipts is included a loan of 32,000 francs; so that there is a deficit of 27,000 francs. *The Evangelical Missionary Society*—the receipts of this association have been 109,789 francs,—the expenditures, 77,001 francs. An expensive mission is contemplated in Africa,—and a house of missions is to be erected in Paris. Admiral Count Ver Huell, a peer of France, presided at the anniversary of this society. *French and Foreign Bible Society*—the receipts of this institution were 64,688 francs,—expenditures, 65,457 francs. The society distributed last year 69,268 copies of the Word of God, namely 10,738 Bibles and 58,630 New Testaments. These numbers show that the society continues its operations with zeal and success.

☞ It appears that the new King of Prussia has not yet escaped from his religious troubles. He has lately attempted to keep the Jews of Prussia wholly separate, though still living in the nation. The Jews should no longer be tried before the ordinary tribunals, should not be soldiers, nor fill any civil office; but they should have special privileges over other religious denominations. They should form a distinct body, with their courts, laws, customs, &c. This, the King thinks tolerant and liberal in theory; but the Jews of Prussia have remonstrated against the plan; they wish to form but one nation with all the inhabitants of the country. The King is wrong, and the Jews are right.

☞ The New York City Tract Society, furnishes the following statistics of its operations during the past six months. 1047 average number of visiters; 309,871 Tracts distributed; 604 Bibles and 505 Testaments received from the N. Y. Bible Society, and supplied to the destitute; 2996 volumes lent from the Ward Libraries; 1079 children gathered into Sabbath schools; 336 children gathered into public schools; 131 persons gathered into Bible classes; 622 persons induced to attend church; 835 temperance pledges obtained; 633 district prayer meetings held; 218 persons hopefully converted; 155 converts united with Evangelical churches.

☞ Professor Durbin, the distinguished Methodist divine, arrived safely at Havre on the 19th of May, after a pleasant voyage. With his travelling companion, Rev. Mr. Sewell, he is now on a tour upon the continent, and they expect to reach London by the 10th of August.

☞ There was a public discussion in Boston last week on the subject of Mormonism. As usual both parties separated more firmly than ever convinced, that they were right.

The Markets.

The Money Market.

Good paper is readily discounted in the street, at from 9 to 12 per cent., and this rate has now been maintained for some weeks. The monetary world here generally is quiet. The Mechanics' Bank bids fair to maintain her resumption. Bicknell's Reporter says, "The prospect is rather favorable with regard to relief notes. Several of the banks of the interior have determined to accept the law just passed by the Legislature, and we may therefore look for speedy improvement in this description of currency. The note-brokers tell us that money is sufficiently abundant, but good securities are scarce. Business is very limited, and so there is little short paper of an unquestioned character in the market. The banks complain that they have not enough to do; that is to say, enough of the *right kind* of notes are not submitted to them. Out of doors, however, complaints are serious in many circles. Those who have lost on depreciated stocks, and those who have suffered from the pressure of the times, and there are thousands such, utter bitter lamentations. Indeed, affairs at the present moment wear any thing but a cheering aspect. There are hundreds of houses to let, there are thousands of laborers and mechanics without employment, while the prospect, for some months, cannot be regarded as encouraging." The interest, it is now apparent, cannot be paid in August, nor has any tax bill been passed by the Legislature. What is to be done? We are as unable as others to suggest a remedy. Stocks still continue depreciated. The sales during the past week have been as follows:

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
112 shares United States Bank,	3¼a3½
45 do. Mechanics Bank,	11¼a11½
21 do. Philadelphia Bank,	33
8 do. Southwark Bank,	40½
8 do. Schuylkill Bank,	3
8 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	63
5 do. Wilmington R. R.	12
$3000 Tennessee 5's,	60½
$262 50 County 5's, 1870,	75
$2300 State 5's, 1864, cash,	40
$1200 do. 5's, 1870, cash,	40
$100 Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1842,	74½
$1800 do. do. do.	40
$4000 State 5's, 1864, s 5 days	40
$1500 do. do. s 5 days flat,	40
$2300 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1844,	70

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	9a12	Indian Meal, peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	62a68
" corned,	4a 7	Wheat " "	75a87½
Veal,	3a 7	Butter, lb.	12a15
Mutton,	3a 5	Lard, "	7a 9
Lamb per qr.	25a50	New Potatoes, ½ pk.	3a 4
Pork, fresh, per lb.	4a 6	Eggs, per doz.	12a14
" pickled, "	5a 7	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Hams, Jersey,	7a10	Pickles, per 100,	25a31
Jowls,	2a 3	Beets, bunch, new,	3a 5
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Cheese, "	6a12	Turnips, qr. peck,	4a 6
Beef's Tongue,	40a56	Onions, rope, new,	6a 7
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Sheep Tongues, doz.	25a31	Seed Peas, qt.	7a 8
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	2a 3	Sallad, head,	½a 1
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Fowls, pair,	60a75	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
" " Live,	56a75	Hominy, quart,	6a 9
Chickens, live,	31a44	Green Peas, ½ peck,	6a 8
Do. dead,	37a44	Beans, ½ peck,	5a 6
Turkeys,	62a81¼	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Chesnuts, per qt.	7a 9
Ducks, pair,	44a68	Walnuts, "	2a 3
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Shellbarks, per qt.	3a 4
" fresh,	13a15	Gooseberries pr qt.	5a 6
" dry, lb.	10a18¾	Currants "	5a 6
Pickled Cod, "	4a 8	Raspberries, box,	5a 6
Fresh, "	5a 6	Whortleberries, green,	3 a5
Flounders,	8a10	Do. ripe,	10a12
Halibut, lb.	10a12½	Cherries, per lb.	3a 6
Sea Bass, lb.	8a10	Cabbage, new,	2a 4
Black Fish, lb.	8a10	Green Apples, qr pk	6a10
Rock, per string,	12a37½	Pears,	6a10
Clams, per 100,	20a25	Tomatoes, dozen,	12a25
Smearcase, qt.	5a 6	Cucumbers, "	12a25
Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6	Dewberries, quart,	7a 8

The markets the past week, though broken in upon by the celebrations of the Fourth, are still as lively, as full, and as fresh as ever. There is the same profusion of fruits and vegetables, in even greater variety than we have before had occasion to notice. More than the usual quantity of poultry has been in market the last week than in any week since the last spring. Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, &c. all of fine quality. In meats there is no essential change from last week.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

No transactions of special notice have occurred since the publication of our last report. Prices are steady and the operations have been limited.

In Bark, Coffee and Cotton, no sales of any extent.

Flour and Meal.—The demand for Flour continues limited, with small sales for export at $5.56a5.62½ per bbl. Western ranges from $5.37 to 5.50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal—sales at steady prices.

Grain.—But little Wheat arriving. Fair to prime Penna red is worth $1.23 to 1.25 per bushel. Corn has improved. Sales of round at 58a59, and Southern flat at 56a57 cents, afloat; white is worth 53a54 cts. Oats—Last sales were at 33 cts.

In Molasses, Provisions and Sugar there are no changes to note in the market.

Whiskey—Bbls find ready sale at 20 cts. In hhds it is dull.—*North American.*

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 35 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 9th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	17 dis
Moyamensing bank	18 dis
Penn Township bank	18 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	53 dis
Girard do.	45 dis
Penna. do.	8 dis
Germantown,	par
Delaware co. at Chester,	par
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	5 dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	18 dis
Lancaster bank,	3½ dis
Farmers bk Lancaster,	4 dis
Lebanon,	6 dis
Harrisburg,	6 dis
Middletown,	5 dis
Carlisle,	6 dis
Columbia Bridge,	4 dis
Northumberland,	6 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	6 dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	12 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	3 dis
" Certificates,	3 dis
" Post notes,	3 dis
Towanda,	—
York,	6 dis
Gettysburg,	6 dis
Chambersburg,	6 dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	13 dis
" demand notes,	13 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Erie,	10 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Sh Susquehanna co.	10 dis
Lewistown,	15 dis
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	45 dis
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	3½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs.	3½ dis
Valley bk & branches,	3½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	3½ dis
Wheeling,	10 dis
Wheeling post notes,	10 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	6 dis
Bank notes,	6 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	30 dis
State bank,	no sale
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	4 dis
Small Notes,	10 dis
INDIANA.	
Notes,	8 dis

NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Country banks,	1½ dis
Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Merchants & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manu'ing Co.	do
Red Backs,	1½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	2 dis
Mineral bank,	5 dis
Cohen Jr. & Br's. bank,	10 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	3 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	5 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	11 dis
Franklin bank,	30 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	2 dis
Broken banks,	various prices
Balti'e Ohio R.R. notes,	30 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
New Hope D. Bridge,	10 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bking & G Co.	broke
Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Protection and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par

Exchange on New York,	⅛ a ¼ dis
" Boston,	" " "
" Baltimore,	⅛ a ¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	10 dis
City Relief Notes,	14 dis

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by *mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 14th June to the 5th July.

May 14, received from			
F. W. Emmons,	62 00	M. Wilcoxen,	2 00
J. Day,	5 00	D. Hinson,	2 00
A. Custard,	2 00	H. Jones,	10 00
J. Herbert,	2 00	L. Cummings,	2 00
R. A. Matthews,	2 00	W. Bellsford,	1 00
A. Chubb,	5 00	F. H. Binkley,	2 00
H. R. Marcellus,	2 00	H. Elliott,	7 00
C. Robb,	2 00	H. Good,	2 00
T. Erwin,	2 00	L. Wells,	2 00
T. Earle,	2 00		
June 15.			
J. Githens,	7 50	D. Smith,	2 00
S. Daughter,	2 00	L. Pitt,	1 00
R. Lippincott,	2 00	D. Strickland,	5 00
Z. Pickens,	2 00	J. Murray,	2 00
A. Billings,	20 00	L. Taylor,	4 00
G. Armstrong,	2 00	C. Dobbie,	2 00
June 16.			
J. P. Key,	2 00	L. James,	2 00
A. J. Brown,	5 00	T. Doddrick,	2 00
F. Vincent,	5 00	O. Pool,	2 00
J. Logan,	2 00	R. Reading,	2 25
J. Gamble,	2 00	A. Tuttle,	1 00
H. Eldridge,	1 00	J. Wash,	2 00
J. W. Scott,	2 00	W. Pasco,	5 00
A. Jones,	5 00	J. Bent,	5 00
A. Koskle,	2 00		
June 17.			
W. Nethery,	2 00	Rochville,	2 00
A. Gardiner,	2 00	Rev. Mr. Porter,	2 00
A. May,	2 00	H. Drake,	2 00
R. P. Key,	2 00	J. W. Fowler,	3 00
E. Davis,	2 00	W. McMullin,	2 00
J. Peplow,	6 00	J. B. Stark,	2 00
H. C. Blamer,	2 00	G. White,	4 00
D. G. Mitchell,	2 00	L. Willey,	2 00
June 18.			
N. A. Riley,	2 00	J. Hall,	4 00
J. Good,	1 00	C. Whitsell,	2 00
C. McCloud,	2 00	L. Mooney,	2 00
J. Hoyer,	2 00	E. Bryne,	2 00
J. Roberts,	2 00	C. Randall,	2 00
W. Hardison,	2 00	L. Whipple,	2 00
J. Shoemaker,	2 00	D. Erwin,	2 00
J. Hoge,	2 00	L. Sampson,	7 00
June 20.			
W. Hoyt,	2 00	T. Smith,	2 00
A. McGown,	2 00	L. Windle,	4 00
R. D. Marshall,	5 00	C. Barrett,	2 00
H. Blanchard,	2 00	D. Moss,	1 00
W. N. Alvord,	2 00	C. Williams,	2 00
Miss C. B. McNeil,	1 00	S. Harding,	2 00
J. Kennedy,	3 00	J. Alexander,	4 00
R. Beardsley,	2 00	S. Delano,	2 00
E. Toole,	2 00	C. Little,	1 00
D. Woodward,	4 00	L. Goodwin,	2 00
W. Shaw,	1 25	E. Ellis,	2 00
J. Case,	2 00		
June 21.			
Capt. Lyons,	2 00	J. Benson,	2 00
D. Smith,	2 00	J. Cowgill,	2 00
A. W. Norton,	2 00	F. A. Zimmer,	2 00
E. T. Richards,	2 00	D. Rochford,	2 00
A. W. Brown,	2 00	P. Cope,	2 00
L. A. Moody,	2 00	J. Bender,	2 00
T. C. Hindman,	2 00	E. Dwight,	2 00
S. Stone,	4 00		
June 22.			
G. Harvey,	2 00	R. Pettis,	5 00
D. Moore,	2 00	J. Carolus,	2 00
C. Camp,	4 00	G. Ely,	1 00
T. Dunn,	4 00	B. Plumer,	2 00
C. Boston,	5 00	J. McCallister,	1 00
J. Butterworth,	4 00	J. Kirk,	2 00
A. N. Cassel,	2 00	E. Guigan,	1 00
J. Allen,	2 00	J. Wilde,	2 00
J. Brookefield	2 00		
June 23.			
W. T. Pomeroy,	4 00	T. Wallace,	1 25
J. M. Case,	2 00	G. Reed,	2 00
L. Smith,	2 00	R. Tuth,	2 00
H. Woodruff,	2 00	J. Edgar,	1 00
G. Morgan,	2 00	F. Thomas,	2 00
E. Townsend,	2 00	P. Lancet,	2 00
A. Van Tyle,	1 00	G. Hornberger,	2 00
F. Bent,	4 00	L. Davis,	4 00
J. Siegmaster,	2 00		
June 24.			
J. & J. Quimby,	2 00	L. Simpson,	2 00
I. E. James, agt.	185 00	S. Bott,	2 00
W. B. Smith,	2 00	R. Northington,	2 00
W. Harmer,	5 00	C. Evans,	7 00
J. Bowen,	1 50	A. Martin,	2 00
F. Huntzinger,	2 00	E. Martin,	4 00
J. May,	2 00	F. Green,	2 00
W. Musser,	2 00	C. Francis,	2 00
G. Gregory,	2 00		
June 25.			
M. D. Haines,	1 00	L. Andrews,	2 00
W. B. Fomner,	5 00	S. Crane,	2 00
J. Tomlin,	5 00	R. Craig,	2 00
J. Watt,	2 00	T. Wilder,	5 00
C. J. Burnett,	13 00	P. Kelly,	1 00
S. A. Wood	2 00	H. Dougherty,	2 00
L. Bond,	4 00	E. Maxwell,	2 00
D. Gaines,	2 00	M. Power,	2 00
C. Whipley,	10 00	D. Callaghan,	6 00
E. Hoover,	2 00		
June 27.			
B. King,	2 00	T. Jones,	2 00
G. A. Laphan,	1 00	J. O. Conner,	2 00
D. Brown,	2 00	F. Hinkle,	2 00
D. Smith,	5 00	J. Engleman,	2 00
D. Stackhouse,	1 00	J. White,	2 00
J. Stole,	7 50	J. Reed,	2 00
J. C. Abbott,	2 00	J. Needles,	4 00
W. Bolton,	2 00	C. McCallister,	6 00
J. Beswel,	1 00	S. Allen,	5 00
J. Stuart,	2 00	C. Good,	
H. Fowler,	1 00		
June 28.			
J. Moore,	2 00	J. Scattergood,	2 00
L. B. Holefield,	5 00	C. Wells,	2 00
S. Mackall,	2 00	L. Willard,	1 00
J. Mosser,	2 00	C. Bennett,	7 00
J. Bishing,	2 00	D. Murray,	2 00
J. Passmore,	11 00	C. Williams,	5 00
Miss M. Millington,	5 00	T. Burrows,	12 00
E. Winslow,	2 00	E. Hayhurst,	2 00
A. Heston,	2 00	D. Good,	4 00
W. Wood,	5 00	C. Evans,	2 00
J. Jones,	5 00	C. Breeland,	3 00
W. A. Ferrell,	3 00	P. Owens,	5 00
W. Smith,	2 00		
June 29.			
J. McNeil,	2 00	D. Edgerton,	2 00
A. Houpt,	5 00	J. Tomlin,	5 00
D. Hancock,	1 00	Capt. Philps,	7 00
J. M. Smith,	2 00	P. Lobles,	2 00
M. J. Harkin,	2 00	G. Church,	3 00
T. Sheldon,	2 00	D. Brown,	7 00
Capt. H. Philps,	10 00	S. Stone,	1 00
D. Wendell,	4 00	S. Smith,	4 00
L. Goodwin,	2 00	B. Duke,	2 00
R. D. Harlin,	5 00	C. Badger,	1 00
June 30.			
O. F. Welch,	5 00	E. Barnes,	2 00
Mrs. E. A. Weller,	2 00	W. Thorn,	2 00
J. Smedley,	5 00	J. Hays,	14 00
A. Clayton,	2 00	D. Tomlinson,	2 00
W. Porter,	2 00	P. Duffee,	2 00
E. J. Sneeder,	2 00	C. Grigg,	2 00
M. New,	2 00	E. Smith,	20 00
G. Reed,	2 00	M. Alexander,	5 00
J. Barber,	2 00	T. Mentor,	2 00
J. Washers,	5 00	T. Turner,	2 00
D. Ware,	5 00	E. Morse,	2 00
L. Sweeney,	4 00	J. Ball,	1 00
E. Woodward,	2 00	L. Pettit,	2 00
July 1.			
A. Hyde,	2 00	C. Daniels,	5 00
J. Green,	2 00	H. Haldeman,	2 00
J. Ramsay,	4 00	R. Fox,	3 00
N. B. Johnson,	2 00	F. Houghton,	5 00
J. Cohn,	1 00	R. Bowers,	2 00
D. Wade,	2 00	C. Groves,	3 00
W. H. Paul,	2 00	D. McGahey,	5 00
W. Merrick,	1 00	L. Balch,	3 00
J. Green,	2 00	W. Campbell,	2 00
A. Amy,	2 00	C. Wildman,	4 00
D. Pierce,	2 00	L. Bender,	2 00
J. Bendler,	4 00		
July 2.			
D. D. Weimer,	2 00	J. Daniels,	6 00
E. Charter,	2 00	E. Payne,	2 00
J. Walker,	2 00	R. Alexander,	20 00
S. Porter,	7 00	S. Porter,	2 00
J. M. White,	2 00	R. Ramsey,	2 00
J. Reeves,	2 00	D. Bloodgood,	2 00
J. Budd,	2 00	R. Strine,	2 00
E. R. Curtis,	2 00	J. Balling,	7 00
S. Allen,	6 00	J. Fyler,	5 00
L. Wender,	4 00	E. Warren,	3 00
C. Gramp,	2 00	J. Rambo,	5 00
F. Hart,	4 00		
July 5.			
J. Bisby,	1 00	J. Golborn,	1 00
J. Scott,	4 00	S. Hitchcock,	2 00
L. Baker,	7 00	S. Park,	2 00
D. McGrath,	2 00	B. C. Barker,	2 00
S. Daniels,	4 00	G. A. Laphan,	3 00
L. Sweeney,	2 00	A. Shourd,	2 00
J. Tomlinson,	1 00	C. Cody,	5 00
J. Hamilton,	4 00	C. K. Perkins,	2 00
T. Wilbach,	2 00	A. Vidder,	2 00
W. Richards,	2 00	A. Herdoe,	2 00
E. Mack,	2 00	C. W. James, agt.	70 00
J. B. Cornelius,	2 00	A. Kaply,	10 00
N. Barley,	2 00		

STAMMERING CURED, and instruction given in Elocution by Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. may 20 1y*

ALMANAC.

July, 1842.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases.
9 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	3 12	
10 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	4 6	D. H. M.
11 Monday,	4 40	7 20	4 57	
12 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	5 48	
13 Wednesday,	4 41	7 19	6 37	New 8 1 56
14 Thursday,	4 42	7 18	7 27	First 14 5 0
15 Friday,	4 42	7 17	8 17	Full 22 5 30
16 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	9 10	Last 30 9 20

Married,

At West Philadelphia, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. H. G. King, Mathias Ayres, of Illinois, to Maria Theresa, daughter of Peter Seip, Esq. of Philada.

On the 7th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Austin Johnson, to Miss Louisa Mullin.

In Baltimore, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. I. P. Cook, Mr. Joseph F. Clark, to Miss Mary C. Jacob, all of that city.

In Baltimore, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamner, Mr. T. J. Heath, of N. Y. to Miss Mary A. Dray, of Gettysburg, Pa.

In Baltimore, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. John Stine, Mr. Wm. W. Scarf, to Miss Harriet Mullen, daughter of Capt. Thos. Mullen, all of that city.

In Washington city, D. C. on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Vanhorne, Mr. Wm. Morgan, to Miss Margaret E. Burdine, all of that city.

In New York, on Thursday, June 30th, by the Rev. Mr. Black, Mr. H. S. Shaver, to Miss Jane Ann R. Zeller, both of N. York.

At Milford, Delaware, on the 30th ult. Jacob C. Wilson, Esq. of Easton, Maryland, to Clara, youngest daughter of the late James Millechop, Esq. of Baltimore.

On the 5th inst. by John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. John M. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ann Reeve, of Medford, N. J.

On Monday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Robert Dunshal, to Georgiana Snyder.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Joseph Stirway, to Miss Mary Boyd.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Stephen Mealy, Mr. Chas. Nickerson, of this city, to Miss Eliza L. daughter of the late Christian Leistner, of New York.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Charles W. Gardner, Mr. Wilkinson Jones, of South Carolina, to Miss Margaret Anthony, of North Washington, Pa.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Philip Armstrong, to Miss Sarah Hood, all of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the same, Mr. Elijah Holbert, to Miss Elizabeth Moore, all of this city.

At Woodstown, N. J. on the 21st ult. by Israel S. Reed, Esq. William K. Wolcott, of Albany, N. Y. to Sarah Davis, of the former place.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Douglass, David Gordon, to Mary Burr, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Finkle, James Henderson, to Miss Jane Eakins, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Allen, John Barlow, to Miss Ellen Browning.

On the 29th ult. by Friends' ceremony, before Recorder Vaux, Wallace Marshall, to Rebecca Ridgway, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Henry McFarlan, of New York city, to Miss Ann Rogers.

In Portland, Me. on the 27th ult. Wm. Wood, M. D. to Mrs. Mary C. Jordan.

Died,

On Third-day morning, the 5th inst. Mary Hallowell, in the 83d year of her age.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, 4th inst. at the residence of his father, Caleb Hand, in Roxborough, Matthias R. Hand, in the 23d year of his age.

On Tuesday, the 5th instant, in the 23d year of her age, Eliza H. eldest daughter of George Landell.

On Monday, 4th inst. William Dalzell, after a short illness, aged 46 years, late Innkeeper, South below Second street.

On the 5th inst. of Summer complaint, John MacFarland, aged 9 months.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Mary N. Turner.

On the 1st inst. Mary Catharine, daughter of James and Martha McCormick, aged 16 months.

On the 1st inst. Edward Stilwell, son of Davis and Catharine Stilwell, aged 14 months.

On Sunday morning, 3d inst. William M. son of Samuel and Margaret E. Parker, in the 15th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Jamarus, daughter of Charles and Anna Little, aged 33 years.

In Providence, Rhode Island, on the 29th ult. William Ballentyne, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 35 years.

On the 30th ult. suddenly, of apoplexy, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Sommer.

On the 29th ult. Fannie Marron, aged 6 years.

On the 29th ult. at Lewistown, Pa. Mrs. Mary Beale, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. Frances S. Morrison, in the 13th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. John J. Mulloy, aged 5 months.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Conrad Mack, in the 59th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Thomas B. Lewis, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Patrick Maginnes, in the 55th year of his age.

On Friday morning, the 1st inst. Mary Sest, in the 69th year of her age, of pulmonary consumption.

On the 30th ult. Elizabeth Day, only child of John and Emeline E. McDowell, aged 1 year.

At the U. S. Navy Yard, in Washington, by the explosion of detonating shells, on the 27th ult. Thomas Barry, a master in the U. S. Navy, aged 63 years.

On the 6th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Hubert, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. of consumption, Mr. Henry Gray, in the 44th year of his age.

Suddenly, at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 6th instant, John Kern, Esq. late Deputy Collector of the port of Philadelphia.

At Francisville, on the 1st instant, Mary Lowe, aged 68 years.

In Bridgewater, Isaac Bullard, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 97 years. Thus, one by one that band of tried patriots are passing away, and we shall soon speak of them as among the things that have been, but whose memories will ever be cherished, while a spark of patriotism warms the breasts of Americans.

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 2, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 25th of June to the 2d of July.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	2	1	Brought over,	29	55
Apoplexy,	2	1	Hemorrhage,	1	0
Asphyxia,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Congestion of Lungs,	0	2	—Bronchi,	0	1
—Brain,	1	2	—Lungs,	1	5
Cholera Infantum,	0	10	—Stomach,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	2	—Bowels,	1	1
Convulsions,	0	6	—Liver,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	1	1	—Peritoneum,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	1	Induration of Liver,	1	0
—Head,	0	5	Inanition,	0	1
—Breast,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	6
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Measles,	0	2
—Heart,	2	0	Old Age,	3	0
—Kidneys,	0	1	Palsy,	2	0
—Spine,	0	1	Pleurisy,	1	0
—Uterus,	1	0	Rupture of Aneurism of Aorta,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Scirrhus,	1	0
Debility,	1	4	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Fever,	1	1	Small Pox,	0	3
—Typhus,	2	0	Still Born,	6	6
—Typhoid,	2	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
—Scarlet,	0	4	Unknown,	1	3
Gangrene,	0	1			
Whooping Cough,	0	1	Total, 134—	45	89
Carried over,	29	55			

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 16 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 26,	72	82	84
27,	73	77	76
28,	65	73	78
29,	75	84	83
30,	77	83	87
July 1,	79	86	90
2,	79	84	78

SMALL POX GENERALLY BEGINS WITH languor and weakness, chilliness and vomiting, soreness of the throat, great thirst, and many other unpleasant complaints.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Will be found the very best medicine in the world for the cure of Small Pox, because they cleanse the body from those poisonous humors which are the cause not only of small pox and other eruptive complaints, but of every malady incident to man. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time not only make a perfect cure of the above dangerous complaint, but the blood and other fluids will be restored to such a state of purity, as to utterly prevent inflammation of the eyes, consumption, and other incurable complaints, which generally follow an imperfect cure of small pox.

SAID INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

The following highly respectable merchants have been appointed agents for the sale of the above medicine in

Dauphin County, Pa.

Hugh M'Ilvaine, Harrisburg.
C Allman, Highspire.
Isaac G Updegrove, Uniontown.
G & B Geiger, Halifax.
John Ehrman, Dauphin.
Jacob Bonner, Middletown.
George Gish, Hummelstown.
M Hecker, Jr. at Rhoads near Hummelstown.
Bechtold & Shoemaker, Spring Creek.
D Weitbrecher, Union Deposit.
Jonathan Miller, Berrysburg.
Henry Weist, Uniontown.
Mensch & Bowman, Halifax Township.
Jeremiah Hamer, Near Berrysburg.
John Frederick, Millersburg.
J Metty & Co. Halifax Township
Henry Breneman, New Cumberland.

Lebanon County, Pa.

Smith & Henry, Lebanon.
Adam Ramsau, Cornwall.
Thomas Shay, Cornwall.
Wm Stoever & Son, Myerstown.
Eckert & Stager, Fredericksburg.
J & M Capp, Jonestown.
Benjamin Hocker, Campbellstown.
Kinsport & Shank, Millerstown.
John Stump, Newmanstown.
J & M Early, Palmyra.
W M Weigley, Shaefferstown.
Jeremiah Bohn, P M. Annville.

Beware of Counterfeits.

The people of Winchester, Virginia, are respectfully informed that Pills sold by one D. M. Little, lately from Baltimore, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that it is absolutely impossible for said D. M. L. to have the genuine medicine for sale.

Mr. Joseph Mackintosh is the only authorised Agent at Winchester, and the *only person* of whom the genuine *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills can be obtained.

OFFICES, devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail,—
No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;
No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

☞ Remember, Purchase of those only who can show a certificate of agency, and be particular to ask for WRIGHT'S Pills. july 9 3t

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—OF ALL DISEASES to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them.
Prepared only at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philada. jy 2 3m

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable Medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing and every other affection of the LUNGS and BREAST, [illegible] CONSUMPTION, [illegible]

It is always sure ASTHMA—[illegible] the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. [illegible] HOOPING-COUGH, [illegible] CONSUMPTION [illegible]

If this Expectorant be given in the commencement of PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, [illegible]

JONATHAN GOING, D. D., *President of Granville College, Ohio*, says, [illegible]

ASTHMA CURED BY DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—[illegible]—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—We esteem it a pleasure to be able to recommend this medicine, as the best calculated for the purpose of curing coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, and all affections of the lungs. [illegible]—*Hartford, Conn. Daily Review.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—[illegible]—*N. Y. Morning Star.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

VALUABLE MEDICINE.—W[illegible] the "Carminative Balsam," and the "Expectorant," prepared by Dr. Jayne, of South Third street, in this city. [illegible] invaluable in a family of children.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—[illegible] EXPECTORANT is a very valuable physical of syrup which we have lately used with good effect in stopping a cough, and loosening and breaking up a cold. [illegible]
DANIEL HERSHAW, Editor of the "Lynn Record," Mass.

From the Rev. A. R. Hinckley.
FRANKLIN, La., March 19th, 1841.
Your Medicines have been in nearly every case successful, especially the Expectorant. [illegible]
A. R. HINCKLEY.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 27th, 1840.
Dear Sir,—We want some more of your medicines, particularly the Expectorant, which gives universal satisfaction.
Respectfully yours,
Dr. D. Jayne. [illegible]

[illegible], N. Y., May 26, 1841.
Dr. Jayne, Dear Sir,
Your Expectorant is in great demand and sells well, and is very popular. Your Vermifuge is now much used, as also is your Sanative Pills. Yours, &c.,
[illegible]

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2 3m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Since the important discovery of DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if he choose, preserve his hair from falling off, or if already bald, may with certainty have his hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which, in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir—I cannot say my head is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. [illegible]
GIDEON W. EATON.
Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Moore, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely: I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.
JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
April 14, 1842. Mount Bethel, Somerset Co., N. J.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes—the best article, without any exception, in use, for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. [illegible]—*Boston Mail, May 1, 1841.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1839.
Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. [illegible]
Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH, M. D. No. 172 Chesnut street.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., Feb. 22, 1839.
Dr. D. Jayne—Sir:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. [illegible]
C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.
Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2 3m

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT: and in the above and following diseases it really acts like a charm, viz:
Dysentery, Diarrhœa, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of Food after Eating, and also where it passes through the Body unchanged. Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to Sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all *Bowel Affections and Nervous diseases.*
Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia; and is sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States. Price 50 cents. july 9 3m

DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS.—S. F. SIMONS, Daguerreotype, Miniature Case and Apparatus Manufacturer, also importer of Plates, Chemicals, Lens, &c., together with every other article used in the art. Orders from any part of the country attended to upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice, at No. 175 Chesnut street, 4th story, opposite the State House, Philadelphia.
N. B. A liberal discount to city operators who buy to sell again. june 18-6m

A VERY desirable FARM for sale.—The subscriber offers to sell that valuable farm on which he now resides, situated in the townships of Upper Oxford and Penn, Chester county, Pa. There are but few farms for sale, so well suited for farming purposes, combining the raising of grain with the grazing of cattle. The property comprises one hundred and twenty-four and a half acres of good land, with commodious buildings and all the requisites for the purpose of agriculture. The owner is so desirous of selling, that a very moderate price will be taken, and possession given, if desired, next fall.
Persons who may wish to own such property will please apply directly to the owner for particulars.
june 11-tf MARSHALL W. ATKIN.

E. MIDDLETON, SURGEON DENTIST, REMOVED from North Fourth street above Callowhill, to ARCH street three doors below 7th.
CHARGES.
Complete set of Teeth, $25 to $100 00
Single Artificial Teeth, 2 00
Plugging a Tooth with gold, 1 00
N. B. Dentists who purchase Teeth, Gold or Platina Plate, &c. will please recollect that my terms are always cash.
jan 11 2t*

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*
Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in the city, or to D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, or H. C. Blair, corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.
Price $16.00 per dozen, or $2 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. ap 23-tf

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid assortment of IRISH LINENS.
Damask Table Diapers,
do. do. Cloths,
do. do. Napkins,
Long Lawns,
Barnsley and Irish Sheetings.
Purchasers are invited to examine them.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
jan 29-6m No. 299 North Second near Noble street

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business, or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, at the most moderate prices given, at the lowest manufactured prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.
aug 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

Gems from the Poets.

KATE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughters of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will;
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the scymetar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith, "the world is void of might."
Kate saith, "the men are gilded flies."
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armed knight
Far famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed emprise;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES COMPANION FOR JULY.

A BACHELOR'S LIMNINGS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"We will draw the curtain and show you the pictures."
—Shakspeare.

It was the evening of a merry Christmas day, which had been celebrated, according to a time-honored custom, by a large family party at the old Morton homestead. Jasper Morton, the last representative of a former generation, had long since past the Psalmist's span of life, yet his eye was still bright, his step still firm, and his neat, compact, though somewhat undersized person, as upright and almost as active as when, some forty years earlier, he had shone the beau of many a brilliant circle. He had outlived all those with whom he set out in life; parents, brothers, sisters,—all had gone before him, and he remained a lonely resident in the large old family mansion, like a guest who had lingered in the banqueting-hall, when the feast was over and the music hushed. Yet Jasper Morton was far from being a solitary and unhappy old man. Though he had never known the companionship of conjugal affection, and though no stately sons and fair daughters had sprung up around him, to renew his youth, (for after all remarks, the true fountain of rejuvenescence may be found in parental affection,) yet his courteous manners, his perfectly amiable temper, his many virtues, and especially his happy faculty of attracting the love of childhood, secured to him the enjoyment of many warm and steadfast friendships. In his youth he had been eminently handsome, and his numerous nephews and nieces, by whom he was tenderly beloved, often expressed their surprise that one, whose prompt affections seemed ever standing on the very threshold of his heart, ready to welcome all comers, should have remained a bachelor.

On the evening in question the young people had gathered round Uncle Jasper's easy chair and accused him of an unequal distribution of his hospitable attentions. They laughingly insisted that he had been particularly civil to his elder relatives, and most provokingly interested in the sports of the little children, while they,—the very élite of the party,—the young men and women—were left to amuse themselves. In vain the old gentleman defended himself by pleading that if he had taken less pains to amuse them it was because he knew age was always a wearisome companion at their time of life, and that he was now only a fit associate for those who were following in his own footsteps down-hill, or for the very young, who had not raised their thoughts to the toilsome ascent they were soon to climb. They loved Uncle Jasper too well to listen to such excuses, and declared that nothing should be allowed to screen him from the imputation of incivility but a promise to devote one whole hour to their sole edification. After a merry war of words with the gay troupe, the kind-hearted old man agreed to make his peace by admitting them to the sanctuary of his study, and relating a reminiscence of olden times. Accordingly the graver portion of the company were accommodated with whist-tables and newspapers, easy chairs, and knitting needles,—the children were sent into the dining-room to try their new toys,—lights were ordered into the library, and with many a ringing laugh and pleasant jest, the young folks led Uncle Jasper between them to the apartment. Drawing his large and quaintly-fashioned arm-chair close to the fire, the gay group clustered around him in all the varied attitudes of youthful and unstudied grace, while certain manœuvres which were designed to place certain young persons in close vicinity to each other, excited the old man's good humored raillery at the same time that the circumstance gave its tone to the reminiscence which he proposed to relate.

"You have often wondered at my celibacy, children," said Uncle Jasper, "how would you like to listen to some of my love adventures?"

An exclamation of approbation and pleasure echoed through the apartment in reply.

"I think I may as well tell you my experience in the tender passion," said the old man with a smile, "it may teach a good lesson to my young listeners of both sexes. You, my fair nieces, may learn from it, how materially *trifles* influence a lover's feelings and how easily the chains you weave may be broken if every link be not carefully and closely riveted; while you, my nephews, may perhaps learn to be less exacting in your desires, and more tolerant to the weaknesses of female character." With these words he unlocked a secret drawer in his desk, and drew forth a small port-folio.

"Here," said he, "is contained the lover's journal. Nay be not so impatient," he continued, as several hands were extended toward the little case, "the record is written in a tongue which requires the aid of an interpreter; what could you learn from this page?" and the old man held up to view a beautifully colored miniature portrait of a young, fair, delicate looking girl.

"Let us see,—let us see," exclaimed several eager voices.

The picture was accordingly handed round the circle; every one examined it, every one criticised it, but still they saw nothing beyond the likeness of a pretty woman.

"You can read nothing there," said Uncle Jasper, as the picture again reached his hands, "and yet to me it is fraught with many a tender recollection, for it is connected with the first love of a youthful heart.

"I entered society with most deferential and chivalrous regard for the gentler sex. My sister, my youngest and best-beloved sister, was a very paragon of delicacy, refinement and gentleness, so that my respect for females had never been diminished by those familiarities of domestic life which are apt to make a man very sceptical as to the actual existence of true modesty. You look surprised, girls, but I can assure you that the common intercourse between brothers and sisters, innocent as it is, often tends to destroy a man's real respect for the whole sex. Let me give you a piece of advice: never admit brothers to your dressing-rooms,—never appear before them in slovenly attire,—never indulge in the slip-shod carelessness of looks and words which domestic familiarity often permits;—in a word,—pay to fathers and brothers,—ay, and husbands too, when you get them, —the respect you consider due to *lovers*, and never come before them in either mental or personal dishabille, if you would keep alive in the world the old chivalrous spirit of '*loyauté aux dames*.'

My sister Bridget was one of the loveliest of women, and I readily adopted the belief that all who possessed similar beauty of form must be gifted with the same perfection of character. I was in my eighteenth year when our cousin, Grace Nugent, came to pass a summer at Morton's Grange. The portrait you have just seen is an accurate likeness of the fair, fragile looking girl, who seemed to my excited fancy the very personification of delicacy. Her form was slight and extremely graceful; her complexion of that pure transparent hue which though perfectly colorless in repose, wears such changeful and beautiful roseate when the feelings are excited; her eyes were blue as the summer heaven, and her locks of "paly gold" fell in unrestrained luxuriance upon her neck, giving her an appearance of almost childlike loveliness. Almost all men bestow their first love upon a cousin. The familiarity permitted by the relationship, breaks down the barrier which seemed to separate them from the beings long worshipped at an humble distance, and while they begin by considering a cousin as a sort of second sister, they are very apt to end by cherishing a much warmer feeling.

Cousin Grace was just the kind of person calculated to awaken my susceptibilities. There was a dash of romance and sentiment in her character, perfectly bewitching to an imaginative boy. She loved to wander in the woods, to clamber among the hills, to lie beside the rippling brook and wreathe her bright hair with wild flowers, while her melodious voice poured forth the poet's sweetest strains in the midst of scenes best adapted to give them their full and finest effect. Her tastes were a little fantastic, perhaps, (I did not think so then, however,) but they were all refined, and her pretty affectation of rural costume and simple garb was to me quite charming. She doted on poetry and music, was passionately fond of flowers, read novels by the midnight taper, wept over the distresses of imaginary heroines in white muslin, and in short, was as perfect a specimen of sentimental young lady-ism as could be found on a summer's day.

Grace had a warm heart, the most imperturbable good temper, and a fund of good sense at the bottom of her girlish follies. But she could not resist the temptations which my green youth offered to the innate coquetry of woman's nature. She was pleased and flattered by my unstudied deference to her every caprice, while my deep reverence for the purity which I then believed to be enshrined in every female heart, exactly suited her romantic ideas. She certainly encouraged my attentions until I was not only irretrievably in love, but really believed that I was blessed with reciprocal affection. It is true that Grace was five years my senior, yet this seemed to me but a trifling disparity. Indeed I am not sure that it did not tend to increase my passion, by feeding my vanity with the fancy that I had been able to make an impression on one who had been the belle of society.

You know I have always been something of an artist, and it was during the excitement of this first dream of the heart that I painted her miniature. Old as I am, I can remember the thrill of delight with which I looked upon the face whose loveliness I was slowly transferring to the senseless ivory. When the portrait was finished, I laid it in my port-folio as a secret and sacred treasure. For worlds I would not have enshrined it in glittering gold and worn it within my bosom, as a less delicate lover might have done. The very thought seemed to be sacrilege against the fair pure being, whose fairy hand I had never ventured to [illegible] to my lips. Indeed the most decided characteristic of my first passion was its reverence. I almost worshipped the woman whom I loved, and a kiss imprinted on her hand would have seemed to me a desecration of her perfect purity. There are but few events, however, in the history of my past affection, and my tale is almost at an end. I had been one day sent to a neighboring town on business which detained me until nightfall, and having been so fortunate as to procure a new novel and a rare bouquet for Cousin Grace, I was all impatience to receive her thanks. When I entered the parlor on my return, I found my sister alone, and in answer to my inquiries she informed me that Grace had gone to walk in the shrubbery. I flung down the books, seized the bouquet and bounded down the slope of the terrace, quite regardless of Bridget who called after me as if desirous of detaining me. Hurrying on through the darkened walks, I approached an opening where I had arranged a rustic seat, almost embowered in roses, beside a marble basin filled with gold fish. It was always a favorite resort of my cousin, and I was almost certain I should find her there. The beams of a young moon, mingling with the grey twilight fell directly within this little bower, which was now the only spot of brightness amid a labyrinth of deeply shaded paths. My footsteps seemed to have been unheard, for just as I approached the entrance to the secluded retreat, a sound struck upon my ear which almost chilled my blood. It was a *kiss*—a rude vulgar *loud kiss*,—resembling more the cracking of a wagoner's whip, than any other sound I could remember;—another and another succeeded, and as I drew one step nearer, I beheld my delicate, romantic consecrated cousin encircled by the arm of a coarse, black-bearded, gigantic fellow who stood at least six feet two in his boots, and whose bristle-like whiskers and mustache were in immediate contact with the rosy lips and tender cheek of my lady-love. My first impulse was to rush in and knock the rascal down, but Cousin Grace looked up into his face with such a tender smile, and murmured such loving words as she leaned her head on his great broad chest, that I concluded not to interrupt her *refined enjoyment* of his society. Turning upon my heel, I retreated to my own apartment in double quick time,—but I was in a towering passion, and as soon as I could command my feelings, I flew to my sister with the disagreeable tale. Bridget laughed and asked me if I did not know that Grace was engaged to be married.

"How long since?" I breathlessly asked.

"The affair has been arranged these two years, and Mr. Bradley has now come to accompany her home."

My beautiful fabric of love's hopes was suddenly toppled down and fell in ruins at my feet. I saw that I had been the dupe of my own folly and woman's vanity; and yet I think I could have forgiven all if it had not been for that hateful kiss. Faugh! it disgusts me almost as much in remembrance as it did in its vile reality. And to think too that cousin Grace, with all her refinement, was the plighted wife of a man whose manners, even in so delicate a matter, were so coarse and vulgar! It was a sad shock to my sensibilities, but it cured me of my passion as effectually as the crack of a rifle could have relieved me from the ills of life. I saw cousin Grace depart with something like satisfaction, and as she embraced my mother and sister I felt half vexed with Bridget for allowing those polluted lips to touch her pure cheek. I assisted Grace into the carriage, shook hands with her, and never saw her again. Some months afterward a piece of bride's cake together with a very affectionate note from *Mrs. Bradley* came to my sister; and in less than five years later, a letter, sealed with black, emblazoned with all the outward signs of mourning, and written in Mr. Bradley's hand, bore the tidings that Cousin Grace was dead.

We learned somewhat of her fate from other sources. She had died broken-hearted. Poor thing,—her husband, who did not know how to treat his mistress with respect, learned a lesson of licentious power to practice toward his defenceless wife. He became intemperate and brutal in his manners, until disappointment, ill-treatment and suffering wrought out the work of disease and relieved her from the burden of existence. 'I am resigned to live if it be the will of God, but oh, pray for me that he may in mercy take me now to himself!' Such were almost her last words, uttered in the ear of a dear and sympathizing friend; and God did hear the prayer of a crushed and bleeding heart."

Uncle Jasper's eyes were suffused with tears as he recalled the dying words of the woman who had won his earliest affection, and the deep silence of his audience bore witness to the generous sympathy of young and gentle natures. The old man at length resumed:

"Six years elapsed ere I had sufficient confidence in woman, to fall a second time into love's snares. Many a passing fancy occupied my thoughts, many a transient liking diversified my student life, but I was proof against any serious impression on the subject. At length my hour of trial came, and surely Saint Anthony's temptation was scarcely fairer than mine."

As Uncle Jasper spoke, he drew forth a second miniature, and never did a brighter or merrier face look out from a painter's gallery of beauties. It seemed ready to dimple into smiles as one gazed upon it, and the glittering black eyes seemed absolutely dancing in light, while the small rosy mouth was wreathed with smiles of perfect joyousness.

"How beautiful! what a Hebe-like countenance!" exclaimed a youth who eagerly contemplated the picture, "surely no deformity of character could be hidden beneath such brilliant loveliness."

Uncle Jasper continued: "This lady whom I shall call Celestina, I met at Saratoga, and I was instantly struck with her joyous countenance. There was a graceful childishness in her manners, a guileless frankness in her language, and a total abandonment of her feelings to every pleasant impulse of her happy nature, which charmed me. Upon closer acquaintance I found new reason for being pleased with her, for she was the very life and soul of her quiet home. Full of mirth, and perfectly gentle in temper, she seemed born to diffuse happiness around her, while her thoughtlessness, and occasional indiscretion only evinced the perfect artlessness of her character. Yet she was not one for whom a man could feel an intense and fervent passion. There is something in gayety unfavorable to the growth of deep-rooted emotions, and while my fancy was attracted and my feelings pleasantly excited by Celestina's frank cheerfulness and beauty, I could scarcely bring myself to the belief that I was seriously in love. Yet I was sufficiently fascinated to become a very devoted admirer. Her parents seemed highly pleased with my visits, the lady herself was no ways loth to receive my attentions, and really accepted the presents which I lavished upon her with no niggard hand. My sense of honor finally decided my predilection, and I had determined to make proposals to Celestina at the first convenient opportunity, when I was saved all future thought on the subject by a singular freak of womans' caprice.

I was seated one evening in the drawing-room with Celestina, her parents and a few accidental visitors, when a servant summoned the young lady from the room. She retired, and after a moment's delay in the hall was heard to ascend the stairs. Minute after minute elapsed and still she did not return, until at length her mother also left the room to ascertain the cause of Celestina's absence. In a few moments she returned smiling and apologized for her daughter's sudden desertion of us, by saying that Madame Martineau had sent to receive directions respecting the trimming of a ball-dress, and that Celestina fearing lest some mistake should occur had thoughtlessly accompanied the messenger to the dress-maker's house, which was but a few squares distant. I immediately rose and proposed to go in search of the imprudent girl who had thus ventured out at eight o'clock in the evening with no other attendant than a servant. I was familiar with the *outside* of madame's domicile, as I had often accompanied Celestina to the spot. Indeed our walks, whether at morning or afternoon, usually terminated at this *magasin des modes*, and the frequency of her visits led me sometimes to fear lest Celestina was becoming a devotee of dress and fashion. On the present occasion I was compelled to wait nearly half an hour at the door, and then was greeted with the intelligence that Celestina had not been there since the previous day. I hurried back but she had not yet returned. All was now confusion and dismay. Her room was searched and it was then discovered that the most valuable part of her wardrobe had vanished also, while in one of the drawers of the dressing-table,—(so placed, however, as not to be found unless strict search was made,) was a letter written on that very evening which explained the mystery. It seems that the *frank* and *artless* Celestina had been for more than a year engaged in a clandestine correspondence with a young officer in the navy, whose character rendered him extremely obnoxious to her parents. She had been taken from home to avoid him when I met her at Saratoga, and the *guileless* creature had been making use of me, and my attentions in order to blind her family to her secret. Her interviews with her lover had taken place at the house of her dress-maker, while I was allowed to conduct her to the door; her wardrobe had been sent away under pretext of receiving necessary alterations from the hand of fashion, and, finally, Miss Celestina, *in her refined simplicity*, had left me in the drawing-room and deliberately walked out to meet her lover who had every thing in readiness for their marriage. When next I met her, she was leaning on the arm of a rakish-looking boyish fellow, in naval uniform, and I made my last bow to Mrs. Midshipman Ringbolt. I need not say that I kept my own counsel and never disclosed my 'intentions' either to the bright-faced bride or to her really afflicted parents. She lived to become the fat, frivolous and fretful mother of some nine or ten children, who were reared on the scanty pay of a lieutenant, while her husband, who was a party to her deception, being disappointed in his hopes of fortune from his marriage, could never be induced to treat her with the slightest confidence, but made her deeply sensible of the fact that treachery is ever rewarded by the suspicion and contempt of those who have been most benefitted by its exercise.

When a woman commits an act of such inexcusable deception, she not only sins against her own nature but she is guilty of injustice towards her whole sex, for she awakens distrust in the bosoms of those who would fain be trustful and unsuspecting. It was long ere I recovered from the effects of Celestina's falsehood, yet some three years afterwards I was painting this third picture."

"What a Juno-like face and figure!" was the exclamation of several as they looked upon the portrait.

"You are right; she was a Juno in more respects than one. Margaretta was tall and stately and elegant in her person, while her manners were characterized by a grave dignity which well suited the Spanish style of her beauty. Her hair was always braided smoothly upon her brow, her dress, fitted with wonderful exactness to her fine form, was usually of some dark color, and there was a staid sobriety in her demeanor which marked her a true descendant of a Puritan stock. Possessed of a very strong mind, she had given her attention to studies rather unusual to her sex, and, though she carefully concealed the fact in general society, she was known by her intimate friends to be deeply versed in the exact sciences. There was a quiet and repose to be found in her company which exactly suited one who was now heartily wearied of the frivolities of gay life, and I soon found myself spending most of my evenings beside the little work table of the intellectual Margaretta. She certainly had—that most rare quality—good sense, and though a little tinctured with the fanciful theories of speculative philosophy, she was one of the most brilliant conversationists I ever remember to have heard. What made me still more alive to her talents was the fact that though a lover of books she still did not despise the duties peculiarly adapted to her sex. The house was the very perfection of neatness,—not a speck of dust ever defaced the polished furniture; the carpets looked as if a thread never fell upon them, the brass fire-irons and door handles glared with silvery lustre, and the very hearthstones were polished like mirrors. All this was the work of Margaretta, and I even fancied I could detect a degree of fastidiousness and over-neatness in her anxious look if a visiter incautiously approached his chair too near the painted wall, or his feet to the verge of the shining hearth. 'What a prize,' thought I, 'would such a wife be to a studious man! Who could enter into all his pursuits, share his studies, enjoy his intellectual pleasures and yet provide him with all those comforts which only a woman conversant with domestic duties can secure to a household. Her precision perhaps approaches to the brink of stiffness and restraint, but how easily this might be graduated by the influence of affection!'

Such was my reasoning, and you will perceive that by this time prudential considerations began to mingle with my love-dreams. I no longer wanted a woman to be so very angelic, and I did not like her the less for being able to descend to the drudgery of life. After an evening spent in delightful converse with Margaretta, during the course of which she proved, to the satisfaction of myself and several other gentlemen, that the most effectual subjugation of human passions was the study of the exact sciences, and brought most indisputable evidence that a mathematician was never known to be guilty of an act of ungoverned rage, I determined to make proposals to her in due form. Some demon (or some guardian angel I might better say,) suggested to me that by calling on her in the morning I should be most likely to secure an uninterrupted interview. Accordingly, the morning after her graceful defence of her studies, I found myself at her door at a very early hour, and my heart beat with almost boyish excitement as I rang the bell which was to admit me to her presence. The door was opened for me by a little servant girl,—one of those wretched children, usually bound by indentures to their employers, and either picked up from the wayside by the overseers of the poor, or taken from the miserable deathbed of their pauper parents by the hand of associated charity. Of all deplorable conditions of humanity to be found in our happy country, there are few more so than that of the poor *bound* girl if she happens to fall into the hands of a hard task-mistress. Childhood—the season of happiness—is to her the period of severest hardship, and the gayety of spirit which is as natural to the spring-time of life as is the song of the birds to the youth of the visible world, is in her a crime visited with severe chastisement. I know there are exceptions to this, but they are alas! too few, and most persons act towards such unfortunate children as if poverty and privation ought to have wrought the work of long years, and given them a degree of discretion often wanting in the mistress who rules them with a rod of iron. The child had been crying bitterly, and as I asked for Margaretta she sobbed so much that she could only reply by ushering me into the parlor. The door of the apartment being open, my position enabled me to command a full view of the stair case without being seen by any one who might be descending, and ere the little girl reached the top step Margaretta was in the act of coming down. The child had gone up, in childish fashion, with her hand, gliding along the polished balustrade, but her fingers were wet with tears, and I suppose the moisture had left its dimming trace, for as Margaretta met her, without waiting to hear her message or even to ask a question, she raised her hand (I *used* to admire her flexible fingers,) and gave the girl a blow in the face which sent her reeling against the opposite wall. Then following her down she repeated her blows as often as that little sorrowful face came within her reach, accompanying every stroke with bitter revilings of her slovenly habits, and denunciations of future vengeance if ever she dared to touch the balustrade again. The child vainly endeavored to speak, sobs and tears choked her utterance, while Margaretta's passion would not allow her to listen to the message she sought to convey. It was not until the object of her fury had retreated to the kitchen that Margaretta turned towards the parlor. I had tact enough to seem very intent on a volume which lay on the table, but Margaretta, who had just given so beautiful an exemplification of the power of mathematics to mollify the passions, stood before me utterly confounded and amazed. I made some frivolous excuse for my unseasonable visit, and after an awkward attempt at careless and agreeable conversation I took my leave. I never entered the house again. I had received sufficient proof that even the combination of talent and good house-wifery was not quite all that was requisite in a wife, and the remembrance of that poor child's swollen and tearful face made me feel as if good temper was, after all, the chief ingredient necessary to the proper sweetening of the cup of wedded love. Margaretta died only a few years since,—unmarried, and as I suspect, unloved and unregretted."

After the merriment caused by this incident had subsided, Uncle Jasper produced another sketch. It was simply a head, relieved by light golden clouds which seemed floating around it, and it certainly was a beautiful and sybil-like, as if copied from some 'fair creature of the elements.'

"You well observe," said the old man, "that after I attained my thirtieth year I became peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of *very youthful* beauty. At eighteen I fell in love with a woman five years my senior, and at two and thirty I was wooing a girl of eighteen. Mariana was a pretty little creature, plainly educated, and quite ignorant of fashion. Her voice was full of melody and the simple ballads which she was ever carolling, seemed like echoes of nature's own music. She had been well trained in domestic management, and I soon learned from an obliging old aunt that all the cake, pies and puddings consumed in the house were the manufacture of Mariana. She was for ever sewing and singing,—her needle was always in her hands, and even while entertaining evening visitors she continued to accomplish the hemming of sundry strips of muslin, such as ladies generally keep for '*company work*.' There was something in her cheerfulness and industry which exactly suited my old-fashioned notions, while I was by no means insensible to the gratification which my palate derived from her delicate handiwork. A dinner, to which I was invited in company with several other friends, and which nearly realized my beau-ideal of a social entertainment,—prepared entirely under her supervision, though she appeared at table looking as cool and fresh as if she had never seen the interior of a kitchen, completed her conquest over me. As I grew older I had become fully sensible to the value of certain unintellectual enjoyments which in my boyhood I had despised, and, though never a *gourmand*, I certainly had a predilection for some of the pleasures of the table. Mariana's attainments in culinary lore were not quite as unusual as they might seem at present; for, at that time, most women completed their education by a close attendance on the *cuisine*; and I am inclined to think that if the same course of studies was still included in the list of a young lady's accomplishments, there would be less encouragement afforded to '*eating-houses*,' at least by married men. Mariana made the most delicious cake, the most delicate custards, the most *unsubstantial* puff paste that I have ever tasted, and when I looked on her pretty face and listened to her musical voice, I thought a man might do a much more foolish thing than to secure to himself such a pleasant and useful companion. There was only one thing I did not quite like in my new lady-love, and that was a want of some portion of that precision which had been carried to excess by Margaretta. Her capes and collars were rarely pinned with exactness, her dresses never fitted neatly, her shoes were apt to set loosely upon her pretty foot, and I once or twice detected her with that enormity in a lady's attire—a soiled stocking. I had my fears lest with much of the useful knowledge of domestic life, Mariana had acquired some of the slovenly habits which are apt to be the result of 'too much business.' This I found to be true and after many instances of want of system and personal neatness, my course was decided by a trifling incident. Early one fine spring morning, I was returning from a walk, and happening to pass the house inhabited by Mariana, I saw through the widely opened windows a pair of hands driving a broom handle with considerable vehemence. Just at that moment a head enveloped in a dingy, dusty old black handkerchief was thrust out of the window, and beneath that abominable *coiffure* I beheld the pretty face of the sylph-like Mariana. She immediately recognized me and snatched off the offending head-dress, but this only made matters worse, for I then saw the uncombed and disarranged locks and braids which but the evening before had shone in glossy beauty, while a dress soiled and torn, hands of any color except snowy whiteness, and nails rimmed with ebony instead of pearl, completed the picture.

The truth was that Mariana had been taught to believe good house-keeping consisted in keeping a clean house and a well-furnished table, but the system which enables one to accomplish all this without sacrificing the delicacy of a true lady was wanting. She was a first rate cook and a most managing house-wife, but a miserable slattern withal; and for my part I think a good dinner and even a clean house is rather dearly purchased if it can only be obtained by merging the wife in the household drudge. Mariana afterward married a rich, gouty old man who loved his palate beyond all earthly things, and who therefore made her his wife in order to enjoy the fruits of her skill in the culinary department. After allowing her to occupy the station of head cook in his establishment for five or six years, he very considerately died one day, after surfeiting upon a well-dressed dish of turtle, and left her the heiress of all his wealth, to the exclusion of his children by a former marriage. I have since often seen her in the market, looking like the personification of sluttishness, poking her fingers into a lot of beef, twisting the wing of a chicken to test its age, or tasting fresh butter on the edge of a dirty piece of money, while in the afternoon of the same day I have met her flaunting in all the splendors of lace and satin, and displaying a splendid equipage to the envy of her contemporaries.

"There is only one more," said Uncle Jasper, sadly, as he drew forth the last limning, "but of this I cannot speak in tones of levity. You see there is little beauty in the face, but the light of Heaven rested on the soul of the creature whose features are here portrayed. Gifted with lofty intellect, a heart filled with pure and warm affections, and a hand ever ready for its feminine tasks, or for the ministrations of charity, Helen Maynor was one of the noblest of women. Distrust could not live in her presence, her clear brow was the index of truth, and every word she uttered, was as the voice of an oracle of virtue and wisdom. With no pretension of any kind—a gentle, quiet, lovely, and loving woman, she won her way to all hearts by the simple force of native goodness. I loved her as I had never loved before—ay, and as I never loved again. We were plighted to each other, the wedding day was fixed, the house intended for our home was purchased and furnished, and only the church's rite was wanting to complete my felicity, when I was struck with the fatal pestilence which so often ravaged our Atlantic cities in the summer months. The yellow fever selected me as one of its first victims, and Helen flew to my bedside as soon as she heard of my illness. I recovered; but it was only to find life an utter blank. I rose from my couch of weakness and pain, to follow Helen to her grave. She had caught the infection from me; she had inhaled poison from the lips which never opened but to bless her, and 'the desire of my eyes was taken from me at a stroke.'

"Tell me not," continued the old man, after a long and agitated pause, "tell me not of *first love*—the untimely fruit of restless youth and ready opportunity. That may pass like the breath-stain from the face of the mirror—like the dew from the summer blossom—like the snow-flake from before the sunbeam. But the *last love*—the love which grows up amid the thorns and brambles of later life, like a wild flower in the desert, showing, by its sweet presence, that there is still a wellspring of happiness beneath the rugged soil; such is the love which lasts while life endures. It is the *last love* which has made me a lonely bachelor, for it is hallowed by the memory of the dead. My days of hope were wasted in the vain pursuit of unattainable perfection—my happiness lies buried in Helen's untimely grave—and memory alone is left to be the solace of the old man's solitude. '*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*'"

Brooklyn, L. I.

SERPENT HUNTING.

An Adventure in South America.

Business connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India Islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort; and from all that I had heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or proceed further on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintanceship; and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw. Suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days, I reached the place; and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinvault (the proprietor,) although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of *hunter* (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him,) we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or Savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavor, amply repay the labor employed in taking them.

I had been informed, both by Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagoons from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction and deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, "dragging its slow trembling length along." But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar had a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befel me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of than exceeded the truth. Occasionally, when pressing business detained Mr. Heinvault at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy upon my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day, about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods, and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. Heinvault had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at every thing to amuse myself; but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being very warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I likewise sent for my gun, and declining the offer he made to accompany me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream in general was not above eighteen or twenty feet. I "paddled my light canoe" up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddled about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I would be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and, working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself alongside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently, disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcase,) drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its head and neck again appeared moving backward and forward, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it; my finger was on the trigger: I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectful distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place before Mr. Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr. Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, "it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Cæsar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Heinvault [illegible] Cæsar [illegible]

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner, that I felt myself a little overcome with the novel exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. [illegible] —crushed and expired in the embrace of a horrid reptile.

THE BRIDAL.

[illegible]

I seldom see a bridal that my eyelids are not wet,
I never see a bridal, but I do not feel regret.
That even on that wreath of hope, life's mildew must be cast,
That flowers how bright and pure so e'er must fade and fall at last—

For well I know, though hearts of love should never know of chill,
And the warm vows of early youth be kept in fondness still,
Apart from these is too much change—too many clouds of woe—
Which can but cast their shadowings on every path below:
[illegible]
And death which never waits to choose the weaned one of years,
Or the sorrowing heart which murmurs not, but like a broken shell,
Has crossed its native music, and would fain bid earth farewell!

There are sorrows for the parent—go where the dead repose,
And the graves of many a household shall tell of human woes,
Which come not by life's errors—which mark not human guilt,
But are whispers of a mystery which time will ne'er reveal!
There are sorrows for the parent—those "living arrows" pain
The hand that would direct them—and the heart that would sustain,
That beats but for their happiness—that would yield its life to serve
Oft bows beneath their thanklessness, and sinks into the grave!

Aye—'tis sin that makes life's pathway a thorny one indeed—
Death might unhang our sky with clouds—but the rainbow would succeed—
And flowers would spring, though winter's snow had lain upon earth's breast,
And the stream be clear and calm again, when the storm should give it rest—

But when affection changes, and love is idly thrown
Back on the shrine that offered it, to perish there alone,
Or live, and grow by [illegible] within an anguished heart,
'Tis there [illegible] life's pages o'er, with a consuming smart!

I have seen so oft these changes, that I am wrung with pain,
And I cannot see a bridal now, but my fears awake again,
Lest coldness, and indifference—unkindness and distrust,
Should breathe upon that holy chain the poison of their rust.

—Ask those whose life's reverses in some poverty have proved—
Ask the mother who has nursed the little ones she loved—
Ask any, all, who've quaffed of grief, who was the bitterest drop,
And they'll answer (if they've known it) 'twas the heart's dreams breaking up.

From these fond and high imaginings, to feel that night could mar,
Is the heaven of their love, and hope, their heart's confided star;
To know that first and dearest, their chain no more could be—
'Tis well, [illegible] —*Portsmouth Journal.*

From New Works.

A FASHIONABLE PARTY

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Miss Monckton, who gave the party described in the following extract from Miss Burney's interesting Diary, afterwards became the Countess of Cork, and died at a very advanced age, about two years ago.

"Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. [illegible]

Now for Miss Monckton's assembly. I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and support on my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Every thing was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a lobby full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went up stairs, and when we arrived at the door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. [illegible] 'Well,' cried Mrs. Thrale laughing, 'what is to be done now? [illegible]' [illegible] She, therefore, opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and, observing that she made no courtesy, concluded she was going into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive us, or what was become of us. [illegible] Dowager Lady Galway in a noble house in Charles street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent.

There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire and received nobody. [illegible] 'My whole care is to prevent a circle;' and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see. The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. [illegible] Mrs. Siddons [illegible] Mr. Metcalf [illegible] Dr. Johnson [illegible] Mr. Burke [illegible] —*Madame de Arblay's Memoirs.*

Literary Varieties.

A CHARADE, BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

My first is the lot which is destined by fate,
For my second to share with us ev'ry state;
My third is by many philosophers reckoned,
To bring very often my first to my second.

ANSWER.

If your first—and no doubt the position is true—
Be the lot of your second, that lot is his due;
For your second one often, alas! I have heard,
Brings (shame on such monsters) your first to your third.

NOBILITY.—What art thou then to despise men, or what raises thee above them? Thy services or thy virtues? But how many obscure men more virtuous than thou, more laborious, more useful? Thy birth?—We respect it: In thee we salute the shadow of thy ancestors; but is it sufficient to pride itself on the homage paid to the body? Thou wouldst have reason to pride thyself, if they gave thy name to thy ancestors, but they gave to the father of Cato the name of his son "The light of Rome." [illegible] Birth creates emulation in great souls, and pride in little ones. Hear the men who thought nobly and who knew how to value men. "There are no kings who have not had slaves for their ancestors; nor slaves who have not had kings."—*Plato.*—"A person is not born for our glory, what he was before is nothing to us."—*Seneca.*—Consult thyself, enter into thyself.—*Marmontel.*

LEGISLATIVE ANECDOTE.—One sultry afternoon, in the month of June, while the congregated wisdom of New Hampshire were assembled at the Capitol, an honest member of the House, who had been reluctantly summoned to the service of his duties from the dinner table, where he had been freely indulging, stretched himself out on one of the seats, and was quietly enjoying a nap, when one of the "sovereign people," who had seated himself in the gallery to overlook the members, [illegible] the aforesaid member in his recumbent position, and without ceremony bawled out; "Halle, mister! you man that's sleeping on the bench there, the State don't pay you two dollars a day for sleeping, I can tell ye. So wake up!" By the time the above speech, which was delivered in no ordinary tone of voice, was concluded, the House was in a roar—the sleeper arose frightened half out of his wits—and the Speaker ordered the galleries to be cleared.

[illegible] stroke a nettle,
Mark, it stings you for your pains;
[illegible] like a man of mettle
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common Natures
Use them gently—they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
AARON HILL.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL, when twenty-four years old—small in person, and of a fair face—was sent, as a Commodore, on a mission to the Dey of Algiers. Surprised by his boldness, and despising his apparent youth, the Dey wondered at the insolence of the King of Great Britain in sending him so insignificant, beardless, boy. Keppel replied with spirit, "Had my master supposed that wisdom was measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent your Deyship a he goat." The Dey ordered one of his mutes to apply the bow-string to his neck, [illegible] window [illegible] the squadron [illegible] Englishmen enough on board to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey took the hint, and changed his mind.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the morrow of her coronation, went to the chapel; and in the great chamber, Sir John Rainsford, set on by wiser men, (a pleasant man that had the liberty of a buffoon,) besought the queen aloud, "that now this good time there might be four or five principal prisoners more released: these were the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who had long been imprisoned in the Latin tongue, so as they could not converse with the people in English." The queen answered, with a grave countenance; "It were good (Rainsford) they were asked themselves whether they would be set at liberty?"

REMORSE—she ne'er forsakes us—
A bloodhound staunch, she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then, in our lair, when Time hath chilled our joints,
And maimed our hope of combat or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouthed bay, announcing all
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.
OLD PLAY.

THE HABIT of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations, is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures; [illegible]—*Anna Maria Porter.*

THINGS had remained for some time in this situation at once so critical and so delightful, [illegible]

LORD ESSEX, at the succour of Rhoan, made twenty four knights, which at that time was a great matter. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My lord might have done well to have built his almshouse, before he made his knights."

LET IT BE IMPRESSED upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman.—*Junius.*

REPUTATION!—that's man's idol
Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must for reputation!
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base and unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them

A CLEAR unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to any injury: and whether it belongs to an individual, or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence and of safety. Private credit is wealth—public honor is security—the feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage and you fix him to the earth.—*Junius.*

QUEEN ANNE BULLEN, at the time when she was led to be beheaded in the Tower, called one of the king's privy chamber to her, and said to him, "Commend me to the king, and tell him, he is constant in his course of advancing me; from a private gentlewoman he made me a marquisess, and from a marquisess a queen; and now, he has left no higher degree of earthly honor, he hath made me a martyr."

LIFE WITH YOU
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy—
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.—OLD PLAY.

THE HEART is perhaps never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affection. If that separation has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or danger, every misery that has been experienced, tends by the force of contrast to increase the emotion of delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.—*Miss Hamilton.*

PACE, the fool, was not suffered to come at the queen, because of his bitter humor. Yet at one time, some persuaded the queen that he should come to her; undertaking for him that he should keep compass; so he was brought to her, and the queen said: "Come on, Pace; now we shall hear of our faults." Saith Pace; "I do not use to talk of that that all the town talks on."

Is valor too.—BEN JONSON.

FORTUNE [illegible]
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim. Experience watches
And has her on the wheel.

OCCASIONAL ABSENCE and moderate distance are strong cements to mutual affection; they cover those little failings which when the parties are continually together are apt to interrupt the most heartfelt attachment; and they seem to improve all those good qualities upon which that attachment is grounded.

The Olio.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—The editor of the London Age says, that having had occasion to explore files of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices to correspondents struck his eye. The following from the British traveller are specimens:

"Common Sense" if possible in our next.

"Christianity" must be deferred for some temporary matter.

"Scandal" has already appeared in a former number.

"Truth" is inadmissible.

"Honesty" would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

We know nothing of "Good Manners," therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjectures.

"Security" may depend upon being inserted during the course of the week.

"Decency" must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

"A Patriot" is at present rather out of date.

"An Honest Lawyer" with other originals in a day or two.

"Matter of Fact" does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.

THINGS WE NEVER SAW.—We never saw a printer get two-thirds of his subscription money.

We never saw a mountebank speak in favor of a regularly bred physician, nor a regularly bred physician speak in favor of a newly discovered medicine.

We never saw a man get wealthy by horse swapping.

We never saw a gambler who would not tell a fib—if he was hard run.

We never saw an old bachelor after courtship to an old maid, nor a young girl accept of a poor old bachelor.

We never saw a widow refuse marrying on account of her age.

We never saw a man thrive by the plough who did not hold or drive. (Poor Richard said that.)

We never saw a subscriber praise the editor *after* he was sued for the paper.

We never saw a newspaper thrive without a good share of advertisements.—*Transcript.*

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is a never failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

RATHER SHARP.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh! ah! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate; "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

"DID YE EVER see a railway Thomas?" said a Kerkonian, to a Kerryman who until he arrived on the "land of the free and the home of the brave," had never been five miles from the lake of Killarney.

"O then, the devil a railroad did myself ever see, black or white, but I thought I often heard one, and sure I'd be dad if I did'nt, for since the blessed day I married Nelly hasn't she been *railin'* away all the time, late and early."

A GOLDEN CALF.—The following excellent passage occurs in an article in Fraser's Magazine, entitled "Churchship and Love-making:" "I certainly blame no lady who has been accustomed to the ordinary elegancies of life for objecting to marry a poor man, but must beg my sweet friends to recollect that, though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money, is poorer still."

FIRST RATE.—A loafing vagabond called at a house in the neighborhood of Concord (N. H.) one Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, that she might "entertain an angel unawares." "Yes," said she, "but angels don't go about drinking cider Sundays."

THE FOLLOWING appropriate lyric was found the other day on the back of a broken bank bill:

Hark, from the banks an awful crash,
Ye patrons hear the cry;
Here is a note that calls for cash,
But, oh, 'tis all in my eye!

THE EDITOR of the Louisville Journal objects to the substitution of ladies for wine, at our public dinners. He declares, on his experience, that ladies are not only infinitely more intoxicating than wine, but are moreover found them a thousand fold dearer.

LAWYERS.—"Them there fellers," said Mr. Mullins, "I really believe, are the lineal descendants of horiginal sin; And I've heard it remarked, that it's a hextraordinary circumstance that it takes a regular act of Parliament to make one of them a gentleman."

"WHO DAT big nigger coming down de treet, dar, Cuff?" "Who dat! Why don't you know? No!—but, spose he some singuished stranger." "Guess he be come down the Susquehanna river as the chief engineer of Squire Jones' raft."

"DO YOU KNOW that your opponent picks his cards?" inquired a fellow of his friend at a gambling table. "Never mind," replied the other, "I shall pick his pocket before we part."

THE NEW YORK PAPERS state that colonies of lawyers are leaving that city for the far west. Lucky for New York—bad for the far west.

DIFFICULT PUNCTUATION.—Putting a stop to woman's tongue.

LITERATURE IN DISHABILLE.—Lying in bed writing poetry.

Juvenile Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 7, 2, 3, is a part of man's nature.
My 7, 2, 7, 6, 10, 16, is a [illegible]
My 4, 5, 9, 7, 8, 10, is in a person's name.
My 9, 2, 3, is a bird.
My 3, 2, 3, 6, is one of the nine digits.
My 8, 6, 12, is a number.
My 1, 5, 6, 6, is a color.
My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a small animal.
My 7, 6, 9, 2, is any thing looked upon.
My 1, 9, 7, 8, is one of the cardinal points of the compass.
My 8, 2, 2, 2, 7, 7, 6, 9, is one of the United States.
My 8, 6, 4, 10, 16, signifies a journey.
My 4, 6, 2, 6, is a coin.
My whole is a large town in Virginia, and also the name of the author of this Enigma.
An answer is requested. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 9, 11, 15, 14, 8, is an island in Europe.
My 15, 14, 6, 8, 11, is a river in Europe.
My 10, 11, 17, 12, 16, is a town in Europe.
My 21, 20, 16, 12, 8, is a town in South America.
My 17, 1, 10, 7, 8, 14, 9, 2, is a town in Ohio.
My 10, 11, 3, 16, 5, 15, is a county in Missouri.
My 13, 14, 4, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My 16, 22, 17, 14, is a Court House in Virginia.
My 15, 6, 21, 23, 8, 9, 19, is a town in North America.
My whole is the name of a Military General.
An answer is requested.

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.
A New Volume.—July, 1842.

This work is designed, as its title indicates, for both ladies and gentlemen. It has a corps of writers unequalled in genius and reputation by those of any periodical in the old or new world. It is printed with new and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and quality, and

Its Splendid Embellishments

are unsurpassed by any which have ever graced the periodical publications in our language. Indeed, in every thing connected with Art, Taste and Beauty, it is universally acknowledged to have led the way, and surpassed every magazine of the day. It is intended that in this respect the present volume shall excel all its predecessors; and extensive arrangements have, with that view, been entered into with the most eminent artists, for a profusion of costly illustrations of every description. In the department of

Mezzotint Engravings,

the proprietor has the satisfaction to be able to state that he has made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, whose exquisite productions have already added so much to its beauty, by which he will SECURE HIS SPLENDID MEZZOTINTS FOR THIS PERIODICAL ALONE—he being pledged to furnish plates to no other publisher without our permission. Next to Mr. SARTAIN, the most accomplished artist in the same department of engraving in America, is Mr. SADD, of New York, with whom, to prevent any possibility of disappointment, contracts have also been made; so that we can confidently promise A MEZZOTINT PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER. These admirable works will therefore constitute a FEATURE in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in which no competition from other sources will be possible. The MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, as every artist is aware, are the most expensive that can be furnished for a work with a very large circulation, both from the fact that the cost of printing them is more than twice as great as that of printing ordinary line engravings, and from the necessity of reduplicating the plates,—our edition compelling us to have five or six of every one used in any number. Of our last volume we issued a larger impression than was published by any of our contemporaries; and of the present we print an edition UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF PERIODICALS—

More than 50,000 Copies per Month!

We have likewise entered into a permanent agreement with the celebrated engravers, RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH, and A. L. DICK, GIMBREDE, JACKMAN, JONES and others of New York; and WELCH, WALTERS, TUCKER and others, of Philadelphia, for a series of

Splendid Steel Engravings,

to be finished in a style unequalled by any that have yet appeared in America. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the works we shall receive from them. With such an organization, we may safely defy rivalship in the way of embellishments, show the world A PATTERN FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW, in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and for a new era in the history of magazine publishing in this country.

Elegant Embossed Work.

An agreement has also been made with that accomplished artist, F. QUARRE, Esq. for a full supply of tasteful EMBROIDERY, LACE WORK, BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND LANDSCAPES, COLORED IN THE MOST FINISHED AND ELEGANT STYLE. These will form an expensive but attractive feature of the Magazine.

Richly Colored Fashions.

In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall continue to furnish them with beautiful and correct plates of FASHIONS, and shall also give the style for gentlemen, which has hitherto been decidedly popular with all parties, and has rendered the work the TEXT BOOK OF FASHION throughout the continent. These, however, will in no way interfere with the regular series of splendid and choice engravings, and pieces of popular music which appear in every number; so that we shall not suffer the Magazine to be surpassed in the number or beauty of its illustrations by any other work, but shall maintain the position we have assumed, of excelling all others in richness, beauty, excellence, and variety of embellishments.

Literary Character of the Work.

Of the literary character of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE it is almost unnecessary to speak. The high reputation it has hitherto maintained, ought alone be deemed a sufficient guarantee of its future course. Yet, that our readers may perceive that, while making such extraordinary efforts to place it beyond competition as a magazine of Art and Taste, we have not forgotten its claims, and the policy of keeping it AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICALS in all the departments of letters, we present a list of our engaged contributors, with the confident assertion that no work in Europe or America can boast such an array of genius and talent.

Writers for Graham's Magazine.

William Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," and other Poems.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
S. G. Goodrich, Author of "Sketches from a Student's Window," "Fireside Education," "Peter Parley," works, etc.
William Gilmore Simms, Author of "Guy Rivers," "Pelayo," "Southern Passages and Pictures," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Frederick W. Thomas, Author of "Clinton Bradshaw," "Howard Pinckney," "East and West," etc.
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "The Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Douglas Jerrold, (of England,) Author of "Cakes and Ale," "The Hangman of Paris," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Mrs. Morton, of England, Author of "The Undying One, and other Poems," etc.
J. H. Ingraham, Author of "The Southwest," "Lafitte," "Burton, or the Sieges," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," etc.
Rufus Dawes, Author of "Athenia of Damascus," "Nix's Mate," "Geraldine," etc.
Edgar A. Poe, Author of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
Albert Pike, Author of "Hymns to the Gods," "Sketches and Poems," etc.
Robert M. Walsh, Author of "Distinguished Characters of France," etc.
George P. Morris, Author of "Deserted Bride," "Maid of Saxony," etc.
Mrs. Maria Brooks, Author of "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," etc.
The Author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," etc.
N. C. Brooks, Author of "Scripture Anthology," "The Amaranth," etc.
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "Random Shots," "Agathe," etc.
G. Gerald McTague, Author of "Stories of Irish Life," etc.
Epes Sargent, Author of "Velasco," "The Genoese," etc.
Park Benjamin, Author of "Sonnets and Lyrical Poems," etc.
H. Hastings Weld, Author of "Corrected Proofs," etc.
James Aldrich.
George Hill, Author of "The Ruins of Athens," etc.
Robert Morris.
J. K. Mitchell, M. D. Author of "Indecision," etc.
Charles J. Peterson.
Reynell Coates, M. D.
George Lunt, Author of "The Grave of Byron," etc.
Horace Greely.
Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Author of "Aylmere," etc.
Ezra Holden.
William Wallace, Author of "Paolo," etc.
Walter Landor, Author of "Stanley," etc.
Alfred B. Street, Author of "Nature," etc.
Author of "Crossing in the Last War."

Female Writers.

In addition to the above list of contributors—embracing nearly every author of established reputation in this country, it affords us great pleasure to present the names of the MOST EMINENT FEMALE WRITERS OF AMERICA. This Magazine, in all its departments, is intended for the lady's boudoir as well as the gentleman's library, and it would lose an essential characteristic of such a work if the subscriber failed to secure the services of those gifted women who have added not less to the glory of their sex than to the lustre of our literature. The following distinguished authoresses are regular and engaged contributors:

Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Author of "Constance Latimer, The Blind Girl," "Guido, and other Poems," etc.
Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Author of "Zinzendorf and other Poems," "Letters to Mothers," etc.
Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, Author of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," etc.
Mrs. Seba Smith, Author of "The Sinless Child," "Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous," etc.
Miss Eliza Leslie, Author of "Pencil Sketches," "Althea Vernon, and other Tales," etc.
Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Author of "Characteristics of Schiller," "Rambles in the Country," etc.
Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, Author of "The Parted Family," "The Southern Harp," etc.
Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Author of "Poems and Forest Musings," etc.
Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Author of "Poems by Amelia," etc.
Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, Author of "Tales and Sketches," etc.
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Author of "Mary Derwent," etc.
Miss Ellen Ashton, Author of "The Male Flirt," etc.

Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many others of acknowledged ability [illegible]

The Editorial Department

will continue to embrace notices on current literature, reviews of all new American and foreign works of general interest, [illegible]

Time of Publication.

The work will be published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscriber will consequently receive it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia.

The Lowest Terms.

The proprietor being more desirous of publishing the HANDSOMEST AND BEST, than the cheapest work in the Union, and anxious to bring it within the reach of all, offers the following as the LOWEST POSSIBLE TERMS at which he can afford the Magazine in its elegant style for 1842:

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, FOR A SINGLE COPY, or TWO COPIES YEARLY FOR FIVE DOLLARS, CLUBS FURNISHED AS USUAL, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE, POST-PAID.

Editors who may copy this Prospectus entire, and send a copy, marked with ink, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, (which will save the publisher the postage on newspapers) shall be promptly furnished with the Magazine for 1842.

Address post paid, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.